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By the men . . . for the men in the service

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PHILIPPINE MASCOT

Burma Bridge Busters Use New Bombing Trick

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This is what the Daga River railroad bridge looked like before the Burma Bridge Busters went after it.

The Daga bridge as B-25s of the squadron scored one hit and two near misses with their hop-bombing.

As the bombers flew back to their field they left the Daga bridge with three of its four trestles smashed.

They hit upon their method by a lucky accident, but the members of this Burma bomber squadron have a record of 114 targets destroyed and 51 more damaged.

By Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

AT A MEDIUM BOMBER BASE IN NORTHERN BURMA —The B-25 with the skull and wings painted on its sides banked sharply to get around the last of the mountains and then roared toward its target, a thousand feet above a bell-shaped pagoda that glistened in the noonday sun. Directly ahead, sprawled across the green plain at an elbow of the blue ribbon that was the Irrawaddy River five miles away, were rows of city blocks and clusters of buildings.

"There's Mandalay," said someone over the interphone. Somehow the matter-of-fact way he said it didn't fit the fabulous city of Kipling's thumping song, the largest city in central Burma.

But this bomber's crew wasn't interested in cities, and Mandalay, for all its history and importance, wasn't the target today. The B-25 belonged to one of the most specialized bombardment squadrons in the world—the Burma Bridge Busters, who operate on the principle that destroying a bridge will do more to beat the Japs in Burma than bombing an enemy base. Today I was riding along with them to learn how they do it, and why.

The plane banked until the city was behind. Then it nosed into a flat, thundering 300-mile-per-hour power glide. The bomb-bay doors rumbled open. Suddenly twin banks of .50-caliber machine guns began to clatter along both sides of the fuselage, their tracers darting into the trees and the open ground below. Tripping the triggers of the nose gun, I added to the fire by spraying possible ack-ack positions. The whole ship shivered in response.

Then through a break in the foliage we spotted the target. It was a road bridge about 100 feet long, spanning a narrow river and mounted on two concrete piers. No sooner did we spot it than a puff of white flak blossomed dead ahead, almost directly over it. Crouched beside me in the nose, 2d Lt. L. P. Bloodworth of Ruidoso, N. Mex., the navigator, yelled: "Hope that's the last burst in that spot. We'll be there in about 10 seconds."

The plane leveled out and we quit firing. From his cabin just behind the "greenhouse," 1st Lt. John T. Reynolds of Hendrysburg, Ohio, the pilot, kept his eye close to the machine-gun reflector sight that he bombs with and made final adjustments of the plane's course. The bomber jolted slightly—the bombs were away.

Just as the plane raced over the target, we noticed a railroad bridge upstream—or what had been a railroad bridge but was now nothing but a half-submerged mass of twisted steel. On the tracks near it were a dozen empty freight cars.

"We knocked out the railroad bridge eight days ago," Lt. Bloodworth shouted in my ear. "It's on the only rail line from Mandalay to the Japs in northern Burma."

The bomber flipped into a steep-climbing turn to get away from some ack-ack ahead as the bomb-bay doors rumbled shut. Almost simultaneously our delayed-action bombs exploded below, kicking the ship a solid boot in the tail.

"Tail gunner to pilot, tail gunner to pilot," crackled the interphone. "Our bombs missed the bridge—they landed short and to the left—but it sure as hell looks like the Leaning Tower of Pisa now."

Banking away, we caught a glimpse of the next B-25 making its bomb run through the blue-gray smoke of our bursts. We passed another of the squadron's target-bound ships on our way home. By the time we landed, one of the bombers had radioed the field of a direct hit.

"That means," explained the squadron intelligence officer, "that we've cut the only railroad and the only good motor road to the Japs north of Mandalay. Of course they will float and hand-carry supplies across the river to trucks on the other side until they can build new bridges there.

Bridge Busters

But that's a slow process—and as soon as they build a new bridge, we'll knock that out, too."

By doing the same kind of precision bombing week after week against enemy supply routes all over Burma, the Bridge Busters have destroyed 114 bridges and damaged 51 beyond use in less than a year—a record which is probably unequalled in the entire Army Air Force.

Strangely enough, what got the Bridge Busters started on this record-making rampage was a mission that failed. And stranger still, the type of bombing I had just seen, the type they have used in wiping out most of their bridges—hop-bombing—was hit upon purely by accident, although it has now become as standard a technique as dive- or skip-bombing.

UP until a year ago, the Bridge Busters were just another run-of-the-mill medium bombardment outfit, activated in December 1942 as the 490th Squadron of the Tenth Air Force in India. For 10 solid months they pulled the usual routine missions against such targets as Jap airfields, bases, supply dumps, ships and occasionally bridges. The crews had always dreaded bridge targets most of all, because they were hardest to hit. Whether the planes of the 490th bombed in formation from 5,000 feet or attacked singly at treetop level, they seldom could hit a bridge.

One day at briefing they were told their target was the Myittha River railroad bridge, over which the Japs were pouring supplies into southern Burma for a possible invasion of India. The intelligence officer warned them that the bridge was probably the most important target they had yet been given and that the brass hats had declared it must be destroyed. The B-25s of the 490th went out in full strength that day and literally saturated the target area with bombs, leaving the surrounding territory a mass of bomb craters. But when the smoke cleared away, much to their chagrin the bridge was still standing. Even direct hits had plummeted right through the trestles, then exploded harmlessly deep in the river. The mission had been a dismal failure.

When the crews of the 490th came back to their field that day, some of them were humiliated and some of them were fighting mad. And everybody thought they were going to catch hell when the CO, Lt. Col. Robert D. McCarten of Fargo, N. Dak., called the combat crews together for a meeting. Instead, he told them: "That's the last straw. We're going to learn how to knock out bridges if it's the last thing we do."

After that, for hours a day, the 490th practiced by aiming dummy bombs at a target on a nearby rice paddy. Having read of the success of skip-bombing against Jap shipping in the Southwest Pacific, they tried it against bridges. But they found that a bomb's skip cannot be determined on ground as it can on open water, especially with trees and houses in its path. Nor is a bridge something solid that will stop a skipping bomb, like a ship. The bombs either ricocheted off their course, skipped clear over the bridge or slid under it to explode on the other side.

They tried dive-bombing but found that the B-25 isn't built for the necessary steep dive and quick pull-out. They tried attacking at tree-top level but found that big bombs didn't have time to turn before hitting the ground; they would either hit on their sides and skid off at an angle or enter the ground sideways and not go off at all. To make the bombs turn sooner after leaving the plane at low altitude and prevent them from skipping, they tried air brakes on the fins, then spikes in the noses, then parachutes on the bombs. These tricks helped, but they were too much trouble and far from foolproof.

It was then, after all these weeks of experiments, that the 490th stumbled upon hop-bombing purely by accident.

The squadron's target on New Year's Day 1944 was the Mu River bridge, on the important railroad line from Rangoon to central Burma. Roaring in for the attack at treetop level, Maj. Robert A. Erdin of Paterson, N. J., squadron operations officer and that day's squadron leader, saw a large tree looming in his course. He gunned his plane upward to avoid hitting it. By the time he got back to the predetermined altitude of attack, he was already on the target, so he dumped his bombs.

The plane was then nosed downward in a shallow dive. Cursing the tree that spoiled the bomb run, the crew looked back to see how far the bombs had missed. What they saw changed the whole course of the squadron's history—and eventually had an effect on the course of the war in northern Burma.

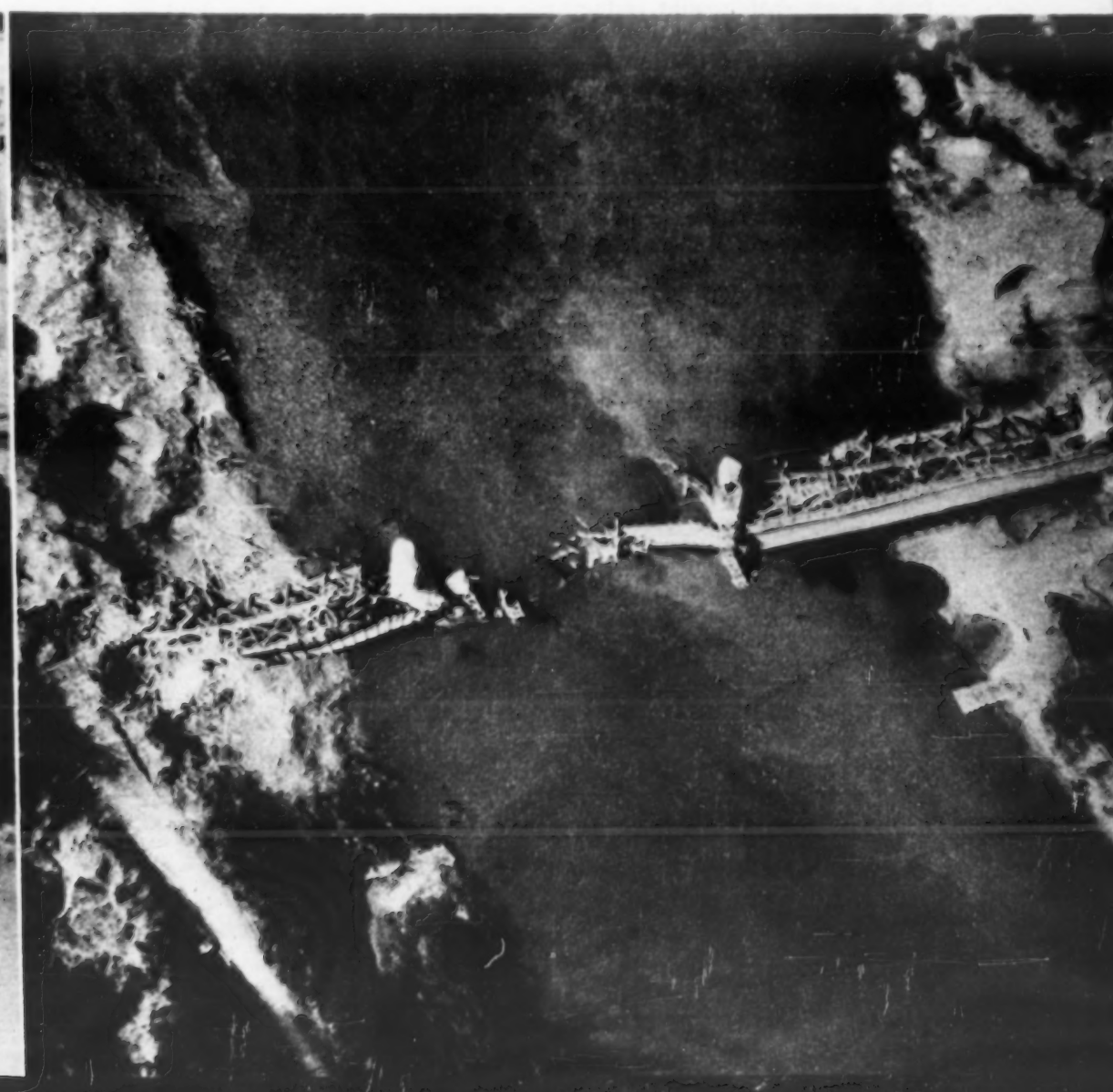
Two trestles of the 480-foot bridge lay toppled in the river in the smoke of the bomb explosions.

"That's it!" yelled Maj. Erdin to his crew. "That's what we've been looking for. Bring on those bridges!"

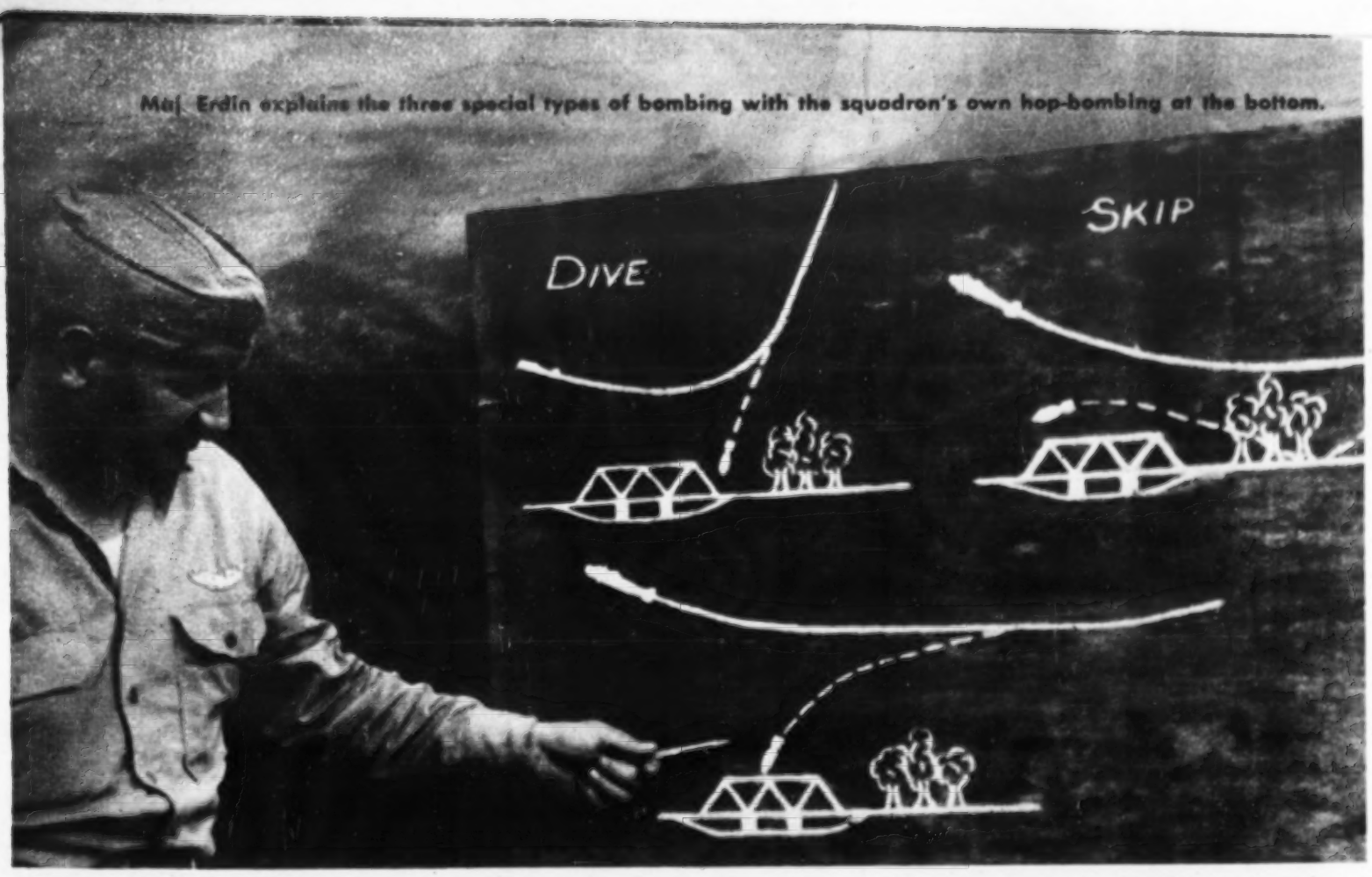
ARRIVING back at the field, Maj. Erdin (who is now squadron CO) explained what had happened. The shallow dive just as the bombs were released at low altitude sent them earthward at an angle which prevented them from skipping or failing to go off on impact. The squadron soon added other refinements to bring hop-bombing to perfection. The pilots learned to sight during the shallow dive through the machine-gun reflector sight. They found that with their new technique, near misses would do more damage.

Two weeks after Maj. Erdin's discovery, the 490th got sweet revenge when Capt. Angelo J. Boutselis of Dracut, Mass., destroyed the Myittha River bridge—the target which the entire squadron had missed before—with only two bombs, using the new hop technique. Boutselis was so happy he conducted prayer-meeting hymns over

The Hsipaw bridge intact and an aid to the enemy before the B-25s attacked



The hop-bombers scored direct hits and the Hsipaw bridge was accounted for



Maj. Erdin explains the three special types of bombing with the squadron's own hop-bombing at the bottom.

the interphone and twirled his 10-inch mustache all the way back to the field.

Then the 490th started begging for bridge missions—and got them. The squadron's ships ripped apart the Meza railroad bridge, 800 feet long, over which had passed 90 percent of supplies and reinforcements for the Jap front lines in northern Burma. Exactly a month after stumbling upon hop-bombing, six of its B-25s destroyed three bridges on a single mission. A few days later, six other planes blasted out two more spans. Before the week was over, the squadron had accounted for eight bridges.

When the news reached Maj. Gen. Howard C. Davidson, commanding general of the Tenth Air Force, he sent this message to Lt. Col. McCarten: "To you, your Bridge Busters and all the boys on the ground who keep 'em flying on their successful accomplishments, my personal congratulations. Your devastating results have been received with glee."

Although that was the first time anyone had ever called the squadron Bridge Busters, the name stuck. From then on, even though the squadron kept its skull-and-wings insignia, it became officially known by the new name and has specialized in knocking out bridges ever since.

Within a few weeks, the Bridge Busters discovered that 1,000-pound bombs would do more damage with near misses than smaller ones, so they figured that putting more of these big babies on each ship would reduce the number of ships needed to wipe out a bridge. What they did about this would have turned an airplane designer's hair white. They loaded one more 1,000-pound bomb on their B-25s than the plane is designed to carry. When the ships still flew okay with this load, Capt. William C. McIntyre of Nashville, Tenn., squadron armament officer, decided to try still another.

"I'll bet you 150 rupees," declared a fellow officer, "that the B-25 can't get off the ground and go anywhere with that weight."

McIntyre took the bet, packed one more 1,000-pounder into each ship and won his 50 bucks hands down when the ships not only took off and flew, but five planes knocked out three bridges. The monthly average since then has been three to four planes to knock out one bridge.

Burma on a relief map looks like a huge strip of corduroy. It is just a series of mountains and valleys, mostly running north and south. In every valley are rivers; there are thousands of these rivers and streams. This means that any road must cross water at intervals along its length. This is why bridge busting became so valuable in hampering Jap supply.

The Bridge Busters' most spectacular mission was smashing the 11-span 1,800-foot Sittang River bridge—one of the biggest in Burma and vital link in the railroad connecting Rangoon with the only route to Bangkok, in Siam. To accomplish this, 1st Lt. William E. Cook of Fullerton, Calif., used the glistening rails as his guide in bright moonlight. His bombs toppled several hundred feet of the long span. But the mission nearly resulted in the loss of Lt. Cook's ship. Just as he banked sharply to evade ground fire after leaving the target, his left wing hit the spire of a Burmese pagoda, which ripped four feet of the wing tip away. He managed to nurse the lopsided ship 400 miles over the mountains back to the field. He was later killed in a crash.

Then there was S/Sgt. James D. Crain of Chattanooga, Tenn., who lowered himself into the open bomb bay over one target and kicked loose some bombs that had failed to release. There was T/Sgt. David N. George of Rifle, Colo., first crew chief to send a plane out on 100 consecutive missions without a mechanical turn-back. There was Cpl. Marvin Beckman of Inglewood, Calif., who bailed out of his ship when it was hit in a half-hour running battle with 25 Zeros, watched the Zeros strafe and kill everyone else in the crew as they parachuted down near him and then walked for five days in the jungle before staggering into an Allied outpost.

And there were those like Lt. Arthur C. Sanders of Coronado, Calif., who turned the controls over to his co-pilot above Rangoon so he could photograph another running fight with Zeros with his amateur movie camera. Later he was missing in action. And 1st Sgt. Joseph W. Meier of Jersey City, N. J., who used to put up such bulletin-board notices as "Pay call 1300 hours. Crap games 1305 hours" and who, when he went up on just one mission to see how it was, got a Purple Heart as the only man on the mission wounded by ground fire.

WHEN the battle for Myitkyina began last spring, the Bridge Busters had knocked out 40 bridges—every important span in the area—to soften up the Jap base for the kill. During the summer monsoons, they carried out 65 missions in four months through thunderstorms and low ceilings. When good weather returned in October, they opened up in full blast again by destroying 13 bridges in 13 days.

The Bridge Busters have had to do other kinds of bombing jobs, too. They joined other outfits of the Tenth Air Force in sinking river steamers that used to ply the Irrawaddy laden with Jap supplies. Although they do most of their bombing in daylight, they send a few planes out on moonlight nights to spot and wreck anything that moves in Jap-held Burma—trains, trucks or small boats—for the Japs do most of their moving at night. Every week planes pull missions against enemy bases or troop concentrations.

But the Jap engineers keep the Bridge Busters busiest in their specialty. The engineers either repair an important bridge that has been bombed out or build a by-pass bridge nearby as soon as possible after a bombing. While they are doing this work, the Bridge Busters just fly by occasionally to see how things are coming. As soon as they're sure a bridge is nearly rebuilt or bypassed, they pay another visit with their 1,000-pounders and knock it out again. The squadron had to knock out the Bawgyo River bridge—the 100th bridge destroyed—twice in a few weeks.

Recently there have been two or three offhanded tributes to the Bridge Busters' work. One was the discovery in a village taken by Chinese forces of 150 emaciated Jap bodies, all showing signs of having starved to death for lack of supply lines. Another was an official statement that the Japs are retreating from Northern Burma, leaving only small delaying garrisons behind, partly because of their inability to get more supplies and troops up from Central Burma.

And then there was the British engineer who buttonholed an American intelligence officer.

"I say, old boy," complained the Britisher. "Would you mind telling those Bridge Buster chaps of yours that we think they are doing a bloody fine job but that actually, old boy, it is making things blastedly inconvenient for us engineers. Every time our forces come to a river, they find the bridge bombed out."

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The Mu River bridge where squadron scored first hop-bombing success.

The Mu River bridge after it had been bombed. Two of its trestles were destroyed.

Hike to Manila

The going was better for trucks than it was for Infantry feet, but friendly Filipinos had cold beer waiting at the end of the march.

By Sgt. DICK HANLEY
YANK Staff Correspondent

MANILA [Delayed]—Tired, footsore infantrymen of the 37th Division, their bones aching from almost continuous marching, have their hands full tonight. They are crouched behind corners of buildings on Manila's Rizal Avenue and are sighting their M1s from behind pillars holding up the roofs of the city's Spanish-type sidewalks in the downtown district. With months and months of New Georgia's and Bougainville's jungle warfare behind it, the 37th is tonight getting its first taste of street fighting. The dogfeet are in the heart of Manila, and death is staring at them from behind unfamiliar metropolitan objects.

Twenty-five days and 120 miles ago the 37th began hiking to Manila. On blazing cement highways, on dusty dirt bypasses, through muddy rivers and dried-up rice paddies, and over half-blown-up railroad bridges, they trudged their way, marching and skirmishing with Japs along the roadside from the Lingayen Gulf to the town of Angeles, just south of Clark Field. There the forced march had begun four days ago.

This morning [Feb. 4] they folded their ponchos, wet with heavy Philippine dew, and began the last day's march on their objective. Highway 3, a winding, two-lane concrete road, was ideal for motor transport of our heavy equipment. To the foot soldiers of the 37th it was an arch-breaking wide white path that was growing more distasteful by the hour. Blown-out bridges made a regular supply of food for the forward elements impossible, and many GIs sweated out the march on one meal per day. The Yanks were a disheartened lot when they reached the outskirts of Manila. Here at the very entrance to the city another bridge had been blown up by the Japs. Automatically, but with bitterness in their hearts, the GIs began removing their heavy equipment in preparation for fording the river. Out of nowhere Filipino men, women and children descended on the tired Yanks.

They held armfuls of dark colored bottles and gave them out along the files of soldiers, greeting each GI with the now familiar "Victoree," their stock expression of grateful welcome to all American soldiers in the Philippine Islands. The bottles were ice-cold, and through the trees at the right of the road the men could see the neon signs of the Balintawak brewery. The Filipinos were giving them cold beer.

While Filipino men, eager to do anything to help the Americans against the Japs, set to work with infantrymen building rafts out of Jap gas drums and planks from the brewery, other GIs were led into the brewery by other civilians. There in the refrigerating plant soldier after soldier filled his helmet with the amber beverage and came out into the light of day refreshed. Pfc. Daniel Catale of New York City had a glass beer stein with him. For months it had held nothing but GI coffee and chlorinated water. Now he paused to blow the foam off his beer. "This," he said, "is like a shot in the arm. Now I'll be able to walk into Manila like I was fresh."

The rafts were completed in a matter of minutes, and the Filipinos shoved the infantrymen and their heavy equipment across this last ford before they hit the city proper. Then, as they mounted a slight rise in the highway, a tall monument greeted them, silhouetted against the bright noonday sky. It was the Bonifacio monument, familiar to many as a landmark indicating the entrance to Manila. One GI, his legs bowed under the weight of a heavy .50-caliber machine-gun tripod, turned to the man behind him carrying the gun's barrel, and said: "Hell, that's the monument printed on some of the Jap-invasion money we've been collecting all along the road."

As the end of the column filed by the boundary marker dividing the town of Malabon from the city of Manila, machine-gun fire broke out on our right flank. The Japs were firing on us. The fight for Manila was on. The company halted while a patrol went out in search of the enemy machine gun. Presently word to "saddle up" was passed down the line from man to man, and the column slowly began to move again. As the men approached the monument, word again came back from the head. Now it was "Low and on the double by the monument." One after another the infantrymen crouched low over their weapons and double-timed a zigzagging path across the open plaza around the monument. As the last man in the column crossed the open area, the Jap woodpecker opened up again, but too late to do any damage. We were in the city now.

As we hiked down the wide boulevard of the Grace Park area, an artillery charge flew overhead, half obscured by the smoke rising in great circles from the city burning in the distance. Near the Chinese cemetery on the left side of the road, friendly Filipinos ran up and warned us of Jap snipers hidden among the gravestones. There was a mine field on the road up ahead too, they said, and a Filipino boy offered to lead the way through the dangerous area. Again word was passed from front to rear, this time with an anxious note in each man's voice as he spat out the words, "Mines ahead, keep on the path." Every other GI would add, "Chrissakes, keep on the damn path."

In single file the men went through the area, following the footsteps of the man immediately in front of him. I set my combat boots into the footprints of a Signal Corps photographer as he went through the mine field behind a rifleman. We looked up only once or twice to try to figure out what had been blown up nearby; there were huge craters in the center of the road surrounded by unrecognizable wreckage.

As we got into the city more civilians began to appear. They ran out of their houses and their apartments handing out coconut candy, chewing gum, cigars, Jap cider in short stubby bottles and anything else they had that they could give us. When a questionable Jap roadblock forced us to take a detour down a side street, pretty girls ran up and threw their arms around the sweaty, fatigue-clad Yanks and kissed them. One GI with "Ohio" stenciled in black on the back of his fatigue jacket excitedly yelled to a man across the street: "Boy what a reception. I almost lost my nose that time. She came at me with her mouth open for a kiss. She missed."

THE column, no longer recognizable as such, tried in vain to shake off the excited, overjoyed Filipinos. The GIs pushed their way back into Rizal Avenue and continued their march toward the Pasig River, their objective for the day. The dogfeet were dog tired. They hadn't realized how far they had traveled since they passed under that boundary sign on the outskirts of town. Excitement carried them on. Dusk, creeping out of the west, reminded them that night would soon cover the strange streets.

A Filipino man about 55 years old, holding a brown-stained water glass in one hand and an almost-empty whisky bottle in the other, ran over to one of the store fronts calling, "Queek, Ernedo, bring the other bottle of whiskee," and then dashed back into the street to give away the contents left in the bottle in his hand. As the man came out several bullets whined overhead.

In a matter of seconds the civilians cleared the streets and stood wide-eyed and open-mouthed in the doorways wondering what was coming next. The infantrymen took cover behind concrete pillars and street corners, and crouched low on the sidewalks behind their weapons. Another Filipino came out of a doorway, a cup of steaming coffee in each hand.

More Jap sniper fire cut through the faint light between the buildings. Across the street a GI behind a pillar threw up his hands. His cry pierced the hushed area. "I'm hit," he yelled. Two GIs carrying the familiar side packs of the medics ran to his side, ignoring the lack of protection. They cut his shirt off, exposing a white back smeared with twisting red stripes like a small-town barber pole. They shouted back for stretcher-bearers while one of them beat on the door of a building. Shortly the door opened, and the medics lifted the limp form of the injured GI, a huge white compress now covering his wounds, and ran across the narrow sidewalk to the store beyond the open door.

The whine of more bullets broke the silence of the street. Everyone was on edge, not sure where the firing was coming from. The man with the coffee cups appeared again. He approached the nearest GI kneeling behind a concrete cornerstone.

"Coffee, sir?" he asked the infantryman.

The GI angrily growled at the friendly civilian. "You can get hurt out here, Joe," he said.

The Filipino answered: "I know. We Filipinos are so happy to see you. We have waited so long for you to come—and with the Japanese it was not easy. We would gladly die for you now that you are here."

The battle-weary infantry veteran fixed the safety of his M1, took the cup and gulped down its lukewarm contents. Shaking his head and smiling at the Filipino, the GI again turned his gun to the direction from which he thought the Jap bullets had come.

On the streets of still-burning Manila, GIs look out for Jap snipers.

A German Talks

People inside Germany know the war is going our way, but there is no movement strong enough to buck Hitler, this prisoner says.

By Sgt. JOE McCARTHY
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 26TH DIVISION IN GERMANY—The German prisoner said he was an anti-Nazi. He was a young intellectual, gentle and earnest, and you could tell from his pale scholarly face with its tortoise-shell glasses, and from the way his uniform hung sloppily from his high stooped shoulders with one button missing from the coat, that the regular-army officers in his outfit must have treated him with amusement and contempt.

He was a medic who evidently did not know one end of a rifle from the other, but he was well educated so they had given him a grade which would correspond to warrant officer in our Army. The GIs who brought him to the CP said he had come across to our line alone to ask us to keep our mortar and artillery fire away from his overcrowded battalion-aid station.

He spoke English perfectly without an accent, pausing once in a while in the middle of a sentence to ask the translation of a German word. He had trouble now and then over simple words which he didn't know, like "tired." He would say "fatigued," pronouncing it "fatty-gewed."

"The Germans," he said, "are sure that the Americans will become fatty-gewed with the war here in Europe so far away from their homes. That is why they are fighting. They hope to prolong the war until the Americans become fatty-gewed and open negotiations for a separate peace apart from England and Russia." He also spoke French, Italian, Spanish and Russian.

"Now it is going badly with our army, in this sector at least," he said. "For the past seven days my battalion has been fighting with only one meal a day and that one has not been a hot meal. We have been using our transportation to transport ammunition rather than food. And what little good things we have gotten—hot food, wine and sweets and tobacco—have been kept by the *commanderie*, the high-ranking officers, for their own use. The men in the ranks know this and it has caused bad feeling and hopelessness."

One of the GIs pointed out to the German that his army was still doing well for an army that was supposed to be hopeless and tired.

"You must remember," the German said, "that our average man is loyal to his Fatherland and to his leaders. Only the intelligent people realize that Hitler and the Nazis are bad and the intelligent people must be careful. Again, the average man in the German Army fights on despite his hopelessness because he sees nothing else to do. He sees even less hope for himself in an Allied victory. He feels there is nothing for him to do but to continue fighting. The American and British propaganda has been very bad on this point."

I asked him if there were any anti-Nazi underground movements in Germany with real strength. He said he only knew one person who belonged to such a movement, a close friend of his who was half Jewish. But his friend had told him that the movement was not strong.

"It is practically impossible to organize a powerful revolutionary movement of any kind inside Germany today," he said. "The young people, the men under 30, that you need in such an organization are all at the fronts and they are unable to do anything. The older people at home, those between 30 and 50, they are not there. I mean by not there that they have not the will and the courage to do anything against the Nazis. And so far, there has been no one man big enough and strong enough to lead such a movement.

"If the Americans and the Russians and the British are waiting for a revolution inside Germany to destroy the Nazi Government for them, they will have to wait for many years. I myself doubt that the Nazi Government will ever be destroyed by the German people. The only way you can win the war is to have your armies advance into Germany. And even then, it will be difficult for you. The capture of Berlin will not mean the surrender of the Nazis. They will continue to fight on in small isolated groups in other parts of the country—in the Black Forest, in the Tyrol—until they are killed, or captured, one by one."

SOMEBODY changed the conversation and asked the German how his people felt during the invasion of Normandy and the drive across France and whether the death of Rommel had made them lose confidence.

He said that the invasion brought two kinds of reaction in Germany. The higher-ups—the ranking Nazis and the brass in the Army—went around saying with confidence, "Now you will see us crush the Americans and British and throw them back into the sea." The soldiers and the people, on the other hand, said to each other, "Now we will see whether or not we are able to crush the Americans and the British and throw them back into the sea." They were not as cocky as the leaders but they were not pessimistic, either. Just realistic.

"When you began to rush across France toward our border," the German said, "a great many people were happy and said they would be glad to see the Americans and British come. When your advance stopped at the Siegfried Line and when we counterattacked, these same people changed back to the attitude they had before the invasion. They are careful people. In Germany in order to live they must be careful.

"Rommel? No, his death was not considered a great loss. Rommel lost his popularity in Germany when he lost Africa. After that he was looked upon as—what shall we call it? Yes, a theatrical general."

I asked the prisoner if the rumors of Hitler being dead were as plentiful inside Germany as they were in other parts of Europe, and he said they were. Most of the German people think Hitler is still alive but confined to his room in a state of nervous exhaustion. "The intelligent people in Germany," the prisoner said (he always referred to anti-Nazi Germans as "the intelligent people in Germany"), "believe that Himmler has taken over most of the authority."

Most of the rumors about Hitler's death began early in October when he allowed German soil to be occupied by an enemy for the first time in the war without going on the radio to make some kind of an appeal for the confidence and support of his people. I told the German that if his army had set foot on American soil, the people of the U. S. would not expect President Roosevelt to let it happen without addressing the nation.

"That was exactly how we felt," he said. "I remember the occasion well. Our battalion was then stationed in Denmark—we had come there from the Russian front—and there was a cafe or tearoom in the village with a radio. I remember how our men gathered there when they heard of the Americans entering Germany. They waited for the Fuehrer to speak to them. When there was no speech, they were very much disappointed. It was a bad mistake for him not to say something at that time."

WHEN he mentioned that he had been on the Russian front, an officer in the CP asked if he had witnessed any German atrocities there.

"Yes," he said. "There was a village in the Ukraine where we had some trouble. I forget exactly what happened but I believe that some of the townspeople and Ukrainian partisans helped some of our prisoners to escape while we were retreating from that place. Later we advanced in an offensive and recaptured the village. The people were shot and hand grenades were thrown into their homes. I will never forget one thing I saw there: *SS* soldiers holding small children up by the feet and firing pistols at their heads. Like killing turkeys. Beasts. I would not have believed it if I had not seen it myself."

"How about the ordinary German soldier?" the officer asked. "How does he feel when he sees men in his own army doing such things?"

The German shook his head. It was a hard one for him to answer. "The ordinary German soldier sees nothing wrong with the—what you call it? Ghetto? He sees nothing wrong with the ghetto. He thinks it is not bad for the Jews to be kept in the ghetto and not to be treated well there. I do not mean mistreated; I mean not treated well. He sees nothing bad in that. But he does not believe that the Jews should be killed."

At that point, the truck came to take him and the other prisoners of that morning to the rear. Before he went away, we asked him what the German Army thought of the fighting ability of the American soldier.

"This is the first time my battalion has fought against the Americans," he said. "When we came to this front, there was a meeting of the officers and we were told this: The American soldier when he is advancing against the enemy in an attack is as stubborn as the Russian soldier. But when the American soldier is caught by a surprise attack on his flank, he often becomes confused and disorganized."

This Week's Cover

THIS soldier of the 96th Division has a pet traveling companion with him in the Philippines. He is T-4 Timothy Leeds, a cook, and the monkey goes along with him when he fixes up the chow for his men in the front lines. It is telling Leeds about some high points in the landscape, being a native of the place.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Mason Pawlak CPhoM. 2, 3 & 4—490th Bomb Squadron. 5—PA. 7—Sgt. Ben Schnall. 8 & 9—USSTAF. 11—Left, Acme; right, PA. 12—Upper, Sgt. Schnall; lower, Pvt. George Aarons. 12—Upper, Pvt. Aarons; lower, Sgt. John Frano. 15—Lower center, Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga.; right (top to bottom): Photographic Section, Kearney AAF, Nebr.; PRO, Rapid City AAB, S. Dak.; PRO, Fort Crook, Nebr.; Photographic Section, Oliver General Hospital, Ga. 18—Pvt. Aarons. 20—Warner Bros. 23—PA

PEOPLE ON THE HOME FRONT

Kathleen Winsor

By Cpl. HYMAN GOLDBERG
YANK Staff Writer

KATHLEEN WINSOR may not be the best writer in the world, as some literary critics have said, but none of them has denied that she's the prettiest.

Miss Winsor—that's her maiden name—is the author of "Forever Amber," a historical novel about a young girl laid in the Restoration period of England, during the years 1660 to 1670.

Publication of the book has brought forth more discussion than any other recent novel, and Miss Winsor, who photographs exceedingly well, as any fool can plainly see, has become a very famous lady on the home front.

Some of the critics were fairly gentle with "Forever Amber," but others emphatically didn't like it, as will be seen from the following reviews:

In the New York *Herald Tribune*, Bernard de Voto, a former Harvard faculty man, said: "With the War Production Board ordering another cut in paper, I vote for the *World Almanac*."

Time said: "Many readers will never finish so dull a book."

And the *New Yorker* magazine observed: "Her characters talk about as interestingly as brokers on the 8:19 from White Plains."

Well, if that's so, then those brokers who commute from White Plains are pretty hot stuff, and some weird things are happening on the old New York Central these days, because listen to what one of the heroine's lovers says to her: "Please, darling—don't be angry. I'm in love with you. I swear I am. I want you. I've got to have you!"

And Miss Winsor, describing this stirring scene in the novel, writes: "His fingers cut into her shoulders and his voice in her ear was hoarse with intensity."

Then this wolf gives out with the pay-off sales talk like this: "Please, Amber, I won't hurt you —I won't let anything happen—come here."

But let us draw a curtain on Amber and this guy with the hoarse voice and go back to Miss Winsor, in whose pretty little head all this first took place.

She doesn't seem to mind too much what the critics have said. It isn't any wonder that she has the attitude that "sticks and stones may break my bones, but names will never hurt me." Her publishers, Macmillan, who also sponsored "Gone With the Wind" and "The Oxford Book of English Verse," have already sold well over 400,000 copies of the book—at $3 a copy—and 20th Century-Fox, the movie company, has paid her $200,000 for the screen rights.

"Forever Amber" is Miss Winsor's first novel and her only published work, with the exception of several newspaper feature stories she did for the Oakland (Calif.) *Tribune* giving the woman's angle on football.

Her husband, Miss Winsor acknowledges, knows quite a lot more about football than she does. He is Robert John Herwig, All-American center for 1936-37, football coach for the University of California and currently a lieutenant with the 4th Marines in the Pacific.

Miss Winsor was regretful, but she couldn't tell her age because her agent had advised her not to—which may or may not be an indication that Miss Winsor intends to act in the movies, as has been reported. But she's probably around 28. Not that she looks like an old hag of 28, but she was graduated from the University of California at Berkeley in 1938, which would make her about that.

Miss Winsor is a poised, easy, self-confident talker, as befits someone who has earned in the neighborhood of $400,000 and who has talked often about herself. She's tall—5 feet 6 inches in her stocking feet, she says—and her hair and eyes are brown.

While an undergraduate at California, she wrote a number of short stories, but she didn't try to sell any of them. "I wrote them for my own amusement, or my own amazement," she says. Her story about how she came to write the best-selling story of Amber St. Clare, the Restoration pin-up girl, goes like this:

Her husband, also a student at the university, brought home some books to use in his home work, which happened to be a paper about the English Restoration period, and Kathleen, just like all wives who can't keep their noses out of their husbands' business, picked up one of the books. She was fascinated. She read more. And no wonder, because the English, or at least the English nobility, in those days were frank people, and they called a spade a spade. And a bed a bed.

Miss Winsor denies that she deliberately put a lot of sex into her book so it would sell. "That's the way people were in those days," she says, "and I tried to tell the truth about them. They weren't hypocrites."

She laughed when it was pointed out that her use of the word "hypocrites" might be taken to mean that she thought the standards of the 17th Century were better than those of our day. "I don't mean that at all. I mean that when a man has a mistress nowadays—and they do have them," she said earnestly—"he keeps it a secret, and when it's discovered there's a scandal. In those days everybody had mistresses, and they didn't try to hide them."

Amber St. Clare, Miss Winsor's heroine, is a prominent Restoration mistress. She's a bastard. Her father is a nobleman and she is born in the country, which bores her crazy and is no place for a girl of her talents. So she comes to the big city, just like a lot of country girls are still doing without knowing there is a broken heart for every light on Broadway. She is beautiful. Her mother named her Amber because that's the color of her eyes. And her hair is honey-colored. And she is small.

Well, Amber meets a city slicker named Lord Carlton, and he promises her a screen test or something and she falls for him. Before she's through, Amber goes on the stage, gets married four more times, becomes the favorite mistress of Charles II, King of England, who managed to have quite a number of mistresses, and has other loves.

"How many love affairs did she have altogether? My goodness," Miss Winsor said, laughing, "I don't know. I couldn't keep track of them. Some of those love affairs were very short ones, you see."

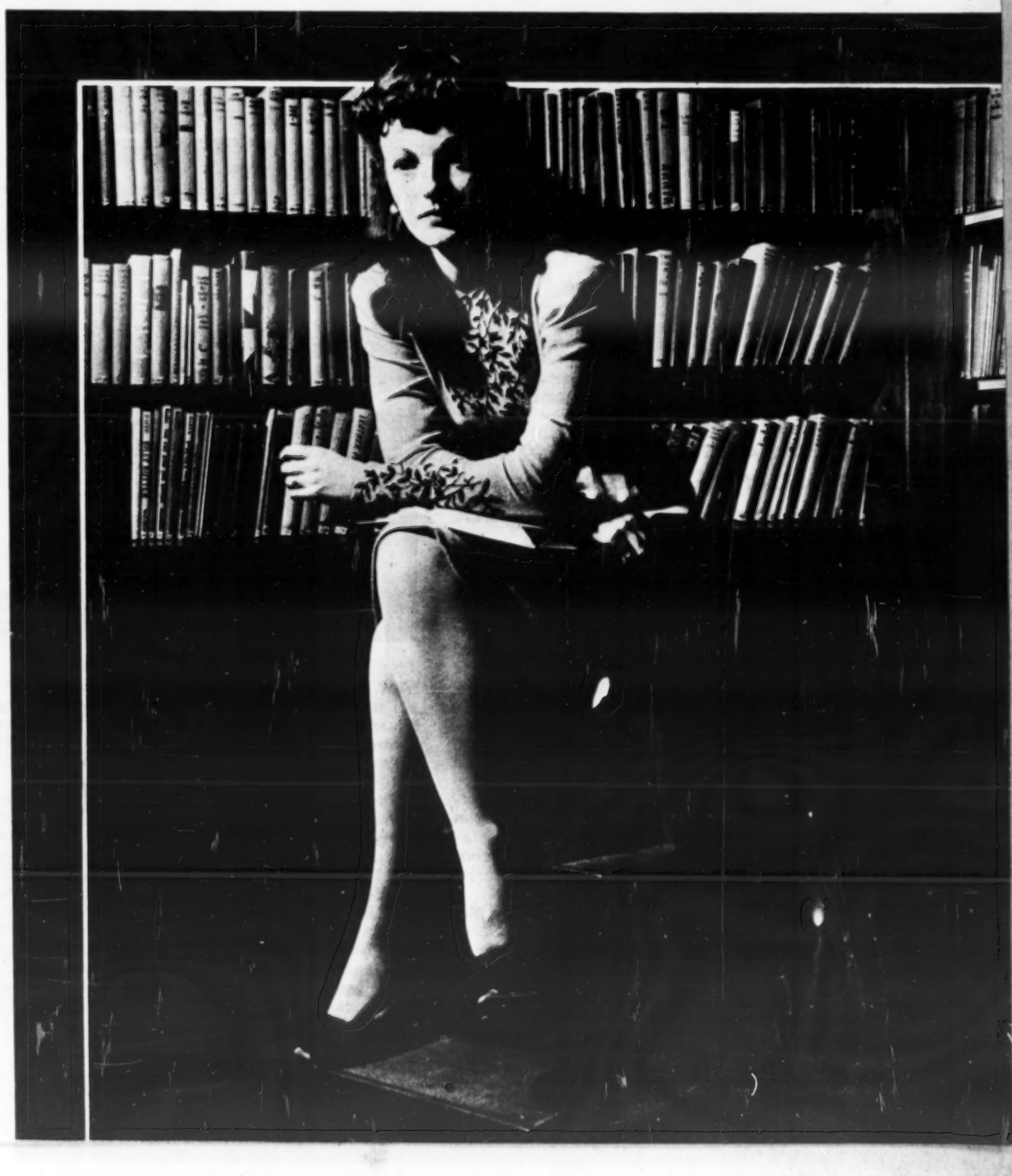
Here are some of Amber's lovers: "Rough and chivalrous" Capt. Rex Morgan; "picturesque highwayman" Black Jack Mallard; "bestial, obscene" Luke Channell; the "sadistic" Earl of Radcliffe and "irresistible" King Charles.

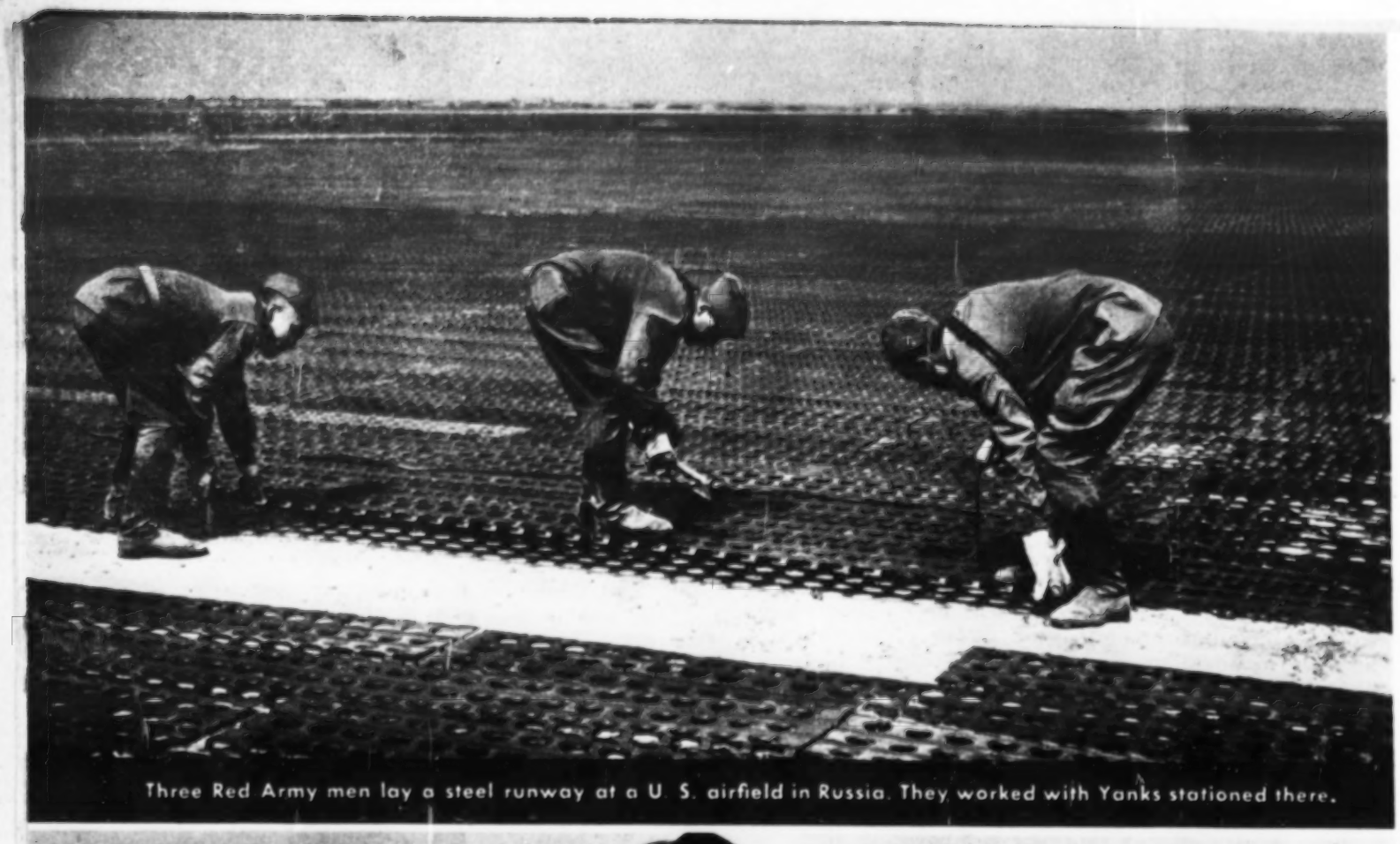
"I read 356 books on the Restoration period," Miss Winsor said, "in one year. Altogether, I spent five years working on 'Forever Amber.' I wrote six drafts before I was through."

The sixth draft totaled 1,500 pages in manuscript form, and the published version numbers 972 pages and weighs just a little bit less than two pounds.

Miss Winsor was asked if she had any Restoration material left over for another book.

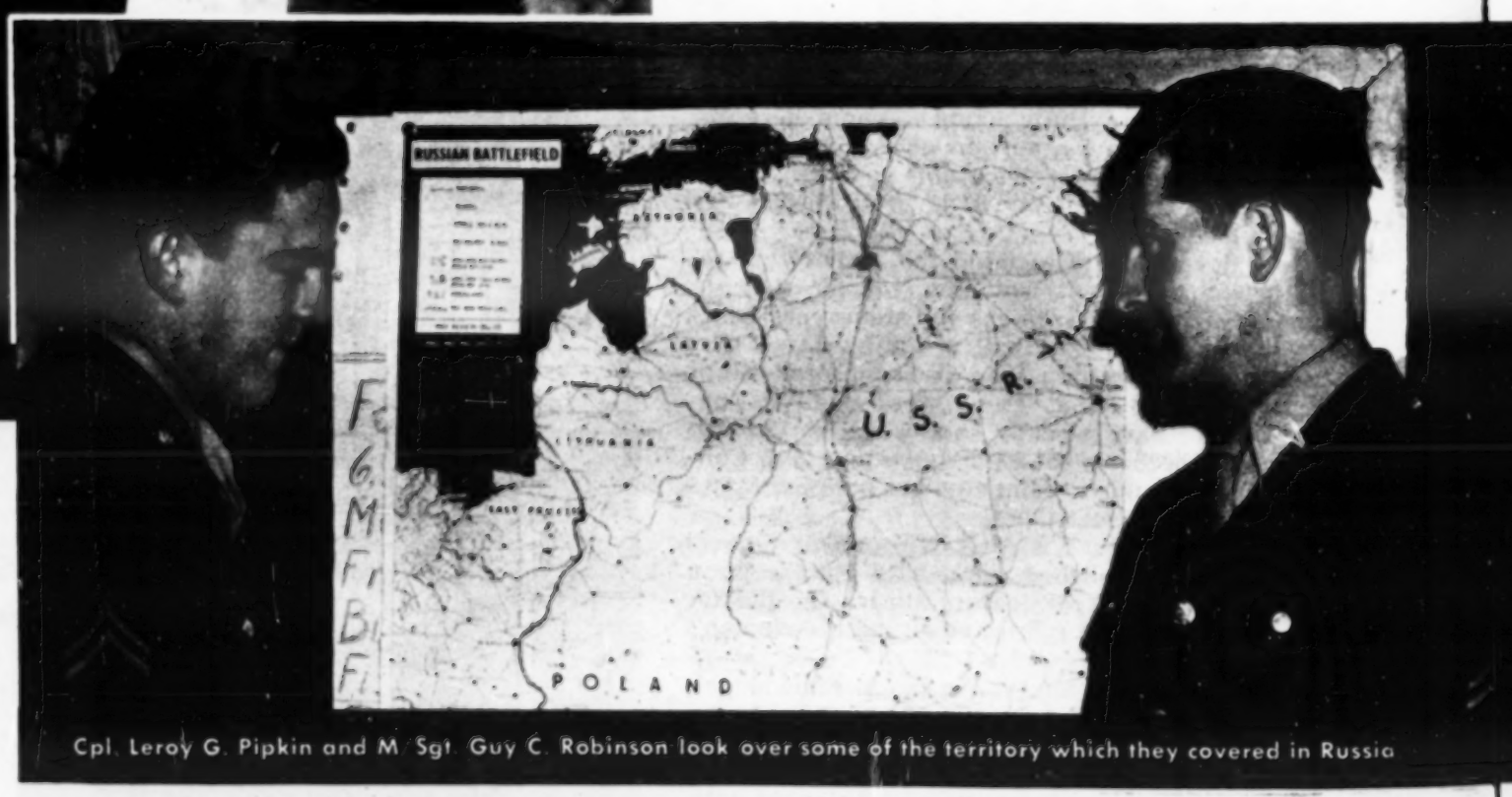
"I don't know what I'm going to do now," she said. "I haven't any plans now for another book. My mind is still full of the Restoration period. And whatever the critics say, Amber is a true portrait of a type of woman of those days. In those days if a woman wanted to get ahead in the world, she had only one resource. Nowadays women have other resources."





Three Red Army men lay a steel runway at a U. S. airfield in Russia. They worked with Yanks stationed there.

A Russian girl in GI coverall ladles out hot coffee to American airmen back from a shuttle-bombing mission



Cpl. Leroy G. Pipkin and M/Sgt. Guy C. Robinson look over some of the territory which they covered in Russia

Eastern Command Air Force men helped set up Russian bases last spring. Some of them, now back in England, tell what they saw.

By Sgt. JOE LOCKARD
YANK Field Correspondent

LONDON, ENGLAND—Some of the GIs who served in Russia with the Eastern Command, the U. S. Air Force unit set up for shuttle bombing raids, are back in England now, and their bull sessions are full of their Soviet experiences.

When they entered the U.S.S.R. last spring, each man carried a passport which described him in detail, told the job he held and where he was to be located. All passports bore an expiration date. The men went to airbases upon arrival on Russian soil. Some of them were stationed about 100 miles behind Eastern Front combat lines. The rest were distributed among other U. S. airfields in Russia.

One group went to work building an airfield. All of the enlisted men were crew chiefs, clerks and sub-depot men. They made a control tower out of airplane-engine boxes and five telephone poles, and girl-soldiers of the Red Army did most of the work on the runways, assisted by the U. S. crew chiefs and a few Red Army enlisted men.

The Americans followed the Russian working hours, from sunup to sundown. "That makes a damn long day," said Pfc. Martin Koski of Jersey City, N. J. "In the Ukraine at that time of the year sunup comes about 0430."

The field was ready by the first of last June. About 300 Americans and about three times that many Russian Army personnel were stationed there. It was also an operational base, and Red Air Force planes were based there.

"We were in a barracks that used to belong to a Russian cavalry outfit," said Cpl. Leroy G. Pipkin of San Antonio, Tex. "We had good beds, mattresses, two sheets apiece, a pillow and pillow case and two Russian camel's-hair blankets. It was a welcome change from our English 'aching-back sacks'."

The Red Army personnel lived in a barracks about a mile from the field and had their own mess. Russian civilian women served as KPs in the American mess halls and also cleaned the Yanks' barracks. One of them was a Polish woman who had been decorated in the Soviet Union for enticing German soldiers home with her and then killing them. After being wounded, she had been assigned to this rear-line work.

"Those Red Army girls are strictly soldiers," said Pipkin. "They share the hardest work with the men. If you ask for a detail you're as likely to get women as men, and usually it's mixed."

"The girls work at everything," said T/Sgt. Joseph M. Sorenson of Ducor, Calif. "They are truck drivers, snipers, pilots, artillerymen, engineers, mechanics, antiaircraft gunners, clerks—just everything. They even pull guard duty and help enforce 11-o'clock curfew for civilians."

According to M/Sgt. Guy C. Robinson of Medford, Mass., a crew chief, there's no funny business with the girls. "We weren't kept away from the Russian people at all," he said, "except that the soldier-girls had instructions not to mix with us except in the line of duty. Punishment for disobedience was immediate shipment to the front. Our CO explained this to us, and they're such swell janes that we didn't want to get them in trouble. We just dated civilian girls, plenty of them."

"And put this down," said Sorenson, waving a clipping of a story by Howard Whitman, a correspondent for the New York *Daily News*. The story stated that registered prostitutes were attached to the Red Army, that each man had a ration card for their services and that these women were offered to the American forces. "As far as we could see, there's absolutely not one word of truth in what Whitman wrote," said Sorenson, and the others agreed with him.

Each crew chief had three Russian helpers, all of whom had seen plenty of service at the front. Cpl. Pipkin's were Ivan, aged 23, whose home town was Rostov; Igor, 18 from Rzchev, and Peter, 16, from Moscow. "We tried to teach them about Forts," said Pipkin, "and after two days they were asking questions that we crew chiefs couldn't answer. They would take a tech order and memorize various systems such as hydraulic-fuel, electrical and so on. Then they would trace it out for you and insist on knowing why every nut, washer and bracket was there."

According to M/Sgt. Robinson, if a Russian officer walked by a working detail and saw that some of the men were goldbricking or taking a customary break, he'd fix it so that when you asked for the same detail again it would be reduced to the number he had seen working.

News was brought to the Americans by an Intelligence bulletin posted daily, maintaining contact with the outside world by teletype. "YANK and *Stars & Stripes* reached us, but they were usually about three weeks late," said Koski. "We would burn all the American publications when we finished with them. We weren't allowed to let the Russians see them. But they did get hold of YANK's pin-up girls." The men

went on to explain that there once had been a distinct German minority group in the Ukraine which had been pro-Nazi. They figured that the Soviet Government kept American publications from the Russians in order to prevent material which might foster disunity from getting in the hands of the remnants of the pro-Nazi crowd.

Koski recalled the night of the Normandy invasion. "What a night!" he said, "Vodka flowed, and the dancing and singing were wilder than ever. They really pounded us on the back and cheered the Second Front."

Sgt. Albin J. Narlock of Milwaukee, Wis., said the standard greeting to the Yanks was "We'll meet you in Berlin."

"Each village has a movie theater which shows swell newsreels," said Pipkin. "Russians are shown plenty of news both good and bad. Defeats and pictures of the Russian dead are not cut out."

Each base had a "Russian Club" which was built for our forces by the Soviet Government. The club was open from 1800 to 2300 daily and sold champagne, cognac, vodka and beer at prices that were plenty steep with the official rate of exchange at five rubles to a dollar. Beer cost 14 rubles. Champagne was 117 rubles. "Yet no one ever went thirsty," said Koski. "And food was somewhat cheaper. Dinner, consisting of two steaks, three eggs, caviar, a vegetable salad, soup, a fish salad, brown bread and butter, ice cream and a glass of vodka cost $5."

Pipkin said he had been asked to the enlisted men's canteen on a couple of occasions but that the big pastime there was too tough for him. It consisted of flinging around a 50-pound iron ball.

The talk turned to the relationship between the Russian officers and enlisted men. "They work hard together, but they don't fraternize off the job," said Pipkin. "All Russian ranks and officers salute each other and return the salute, then quickly follow it with a handsake. This means that privates salute corporals and so on right on up the line."

"There's no doubt but the officer is the boss," said M/Sgt. Estill H. Rapier, a former coal miner from Harlan, Ky. "You can quickly see that. But every officer starts as a private so they're not rank-happy. The pay is graduated, but the differences aren't as great as on our scale."

YANKS IN RUSSIA

The weather, the men said, was about like it is in our Middle West. It got up to about 100 degrees but didn't seem so bad. The countryside reminded them of the Middle West too. "The soil is black as far down as you can dig," said Pipkin. "The land is divided into small farms which are all part of big collective farms. The farm manager gets the same pay as everyone else."

"But they're poorly equipped," Sorenson put in. "Around my base, all I saw was crude horse-drawn wooden plows. They may have been mechanized before the war, because I saw machines in the area the Germans didn't reach."

Koski, who speaks Polish, visited lots of Russian homes—simple four- or five-room buildings put up by the community. They were made of mud and straw, topped by thatched roofs. They were neat and clean inside, even though two or three families sometimes lived in one dwelling because of the housing shortage.

"Russian women keep things very clean," said Koski. "They manage somehow, although there's hardly any soap. Russian men, though, are another story. I figure that the fact that we kept clean, and that our uniforms were neat, is one of the big reasons we made a hit with the gals."

The Russians, Koski said, proved to be most hospitable. "I bummed around with a couple of other Polish-speaking GIs," he said, "and everywhere we went we were always offered food and vodka. Many times it was a full-course dinner. The girls would always bring us an apple or something else to eat when we had dates. They're a generous bunch.

"When we went to their houses we would sit around in the room they used as a combination kitchen, dining room and living room, and they'd tell us about their country and the war. There would always be tea and vodka. They pour vodka into you like water and really get insulted if you don't down it in a gulp. You'd better learn to drink it their way—or else don't go around."

Koski said that although the Poles and Russians knew there was an ancient hatred between them, both felt it wasn't good for either. He told of meeting many Poles serving in the Russian Army. "You never hear anybody talk politics," said Robinson. "They don't seem to worry about such things as the Russian-Polish border."

The men found the Russians quite impressed by the quality and the amount of American equipment. "All the motorized sections of the Red Army depend upon American vehicles," said Rodgers. "They have developed a love for the Studebaker six-by-sixes and call everything that's dependable a 'Studebaker.' They use plenty of jeeps too." Koski recalled giving two Red Army men such an exhibition of the jeep's agility in overcoming obstacles that they took him to town and got him tight toasting jeeps and sundry vehicles with vodka.

The Russians thought the B-17 was a fine plane but couldn't figure out why such a big aircraft had such a small bomb bay. "They make bombers or fighters out of every type of aircraft that flies," said Pipkin. "They've put top turrets mounting two .30-caliber guns on C-47s and use them as heavy bombers by kicking the bombs out of the side door. They also use C-47s for hauling freight and dropping paratroops. They compare the P-51 with the Yak, and that's quite a tribute coming from them, since they rate their Yak the highest."

On June 2 the fields of the Eastern Command became operational with the first shuttle raid made by the Forts of the Fifteenth Air Force coming up from it. The planes were quickly turned around and, with the aid of Russian aviation gasoline and bombs, did another job on the way home.

The men saw rebuilding and rehabilitation constantly increasing during their stay in the U.S.S.R. They noticed steadily increasing populations in the towns near their bases as a result of citizens returning. "But," said Pipkin, "the Russians still make men do the work that we make a machine do. They've got a lot to learn, but they're learning. I visited a tank factory and an aircraft plant where most of the workers were women and girls. Their machine tools aren't up to our standards, but they work damn hard and get fine results."

The Americans thought the possibility of future contact with their Russian friends was slight. "The Soviet Government won't let letters be sent into the country," said Sorenson. "The girls can write out to us, but we can't answer, and you know how long that kind of a correspondence lasts.

"We couldn't visit relatives either. We were told to apply through channels for time off and permission to travel if we had any relatives we wanted to visit. One GI did, and shortly after this he was shipped out of the country. Apparently the Soviet Government didn't want such contacts for their people."

Koski found a few Russians who had been in the United States, but none of the men met anyone inquiring "about my cousin in Milwaukee."

M/Sgt. Rapier and Cpl. Pipkin were two of the lucky few who got to Moscow. As guests of the American Embassy, each spent a couple of days exploring the capital. "I could have used a couple of months," Pipkin smiled, "but I did hit the high spots."

Rapier said he did "just a little free-lance sightseeing" the first evening. "The next morning" he went on, "I had breakfast in the Metropole dining room, and while I was eating I noticed what looked like a couple of Japs at the next table. I called over a waitress and asked what nationality these guys were, and found I had hit it on the head. They were members of the staff of the Japanese Embassy. I stared right at the bastards but they deliberately avoided my eyes. I kept it up until they raised their newspapers in front of their faces.

"Later I went to an exhibition of captured German war equipment, just across the river from downtown Moscow. They've got everything there from German pfc stripes to Royal Tiger tanks. I spent several hours there and then went to Red Square and some of the public buildings. Then I chased through several department stores looking for souvenir picture post cards, but I didn't find any. Then I had to go back to my base."

Pipkin had an even livelier time. "We arrived by airplane at 2 o'clock in the afternoon," he said, "and were met at the field by some American officers driving limousines. I drew a major with a Cadillac. They took us to the Hotel Metropole. At 4 o'clock they picked us up for a sightseeing tour, which included the War College and the School of Medicine, and we took a quick look inside of each with a Russian officer as guide. They are modern buildings all right. Then we drove back through Red Square and went into the Kremlin where the main government offices are located. Finally we visited Stalin's country estate. What a beautiful layout he's got.

"We went back to the hotel for dinner and had a choice of the opera or the circus. I chose the opera. We were late in arriving and found that the performance had been held up 35 minutes for us, and it didn't get going until after we were seated in the box down front.

"The next morning we started off on our own. I went to the place where the Germans had been stopped in their drive for Moscow. The Red Army just got them stopped in time.

"I looked at some of the city parks and just bummed around. I looked at a couple of art galleries. Then I went to the circus. It's totally different from our circuses. It's more like a funhouse or an amusement park.

"Several nurses had come up to Moscow with us, and we had arranged to see them. So that evening we went out to the American Embassy where they had been invited to stay by Kathleen Harriman, the ambassador's 21-year-old daughter. We came in just as a diplomatic reception was commencing, and Miss Harriman invited us to meet the guests. All of a sudden I found myself getting a big handshake from Molotov, the commissar for foreign affairs, and then from Marshal Rokossovski, who had been called to Moscow to be decorated. And from Ambassador Harriman, the British ambassador, the Chinese ambassador, the Soviet commissar of public health and lots of other Soviet and diplomatic big shots. I don't remember their names. I always did have trouble with those Russian names.

"It was mighty interesting listening to those people talk. Some of the questions put to Molotov seemed kind of blunt, but he answered them frankly, through his interpreter. I got an excellent impression of him. We stayed around for a while and then Kathleen told us the dinner to follow the reception would get pretty dull, so we took off for town to see the Moscow night life."

Pipkin said he discovered four theaters in Moscow showing American films, mostly first-run stuff, but our jazz was practically unknown in Russia, except for a few pieces like, "*Bei Meir Bist Du Schoen*," to which Russian words have been written.

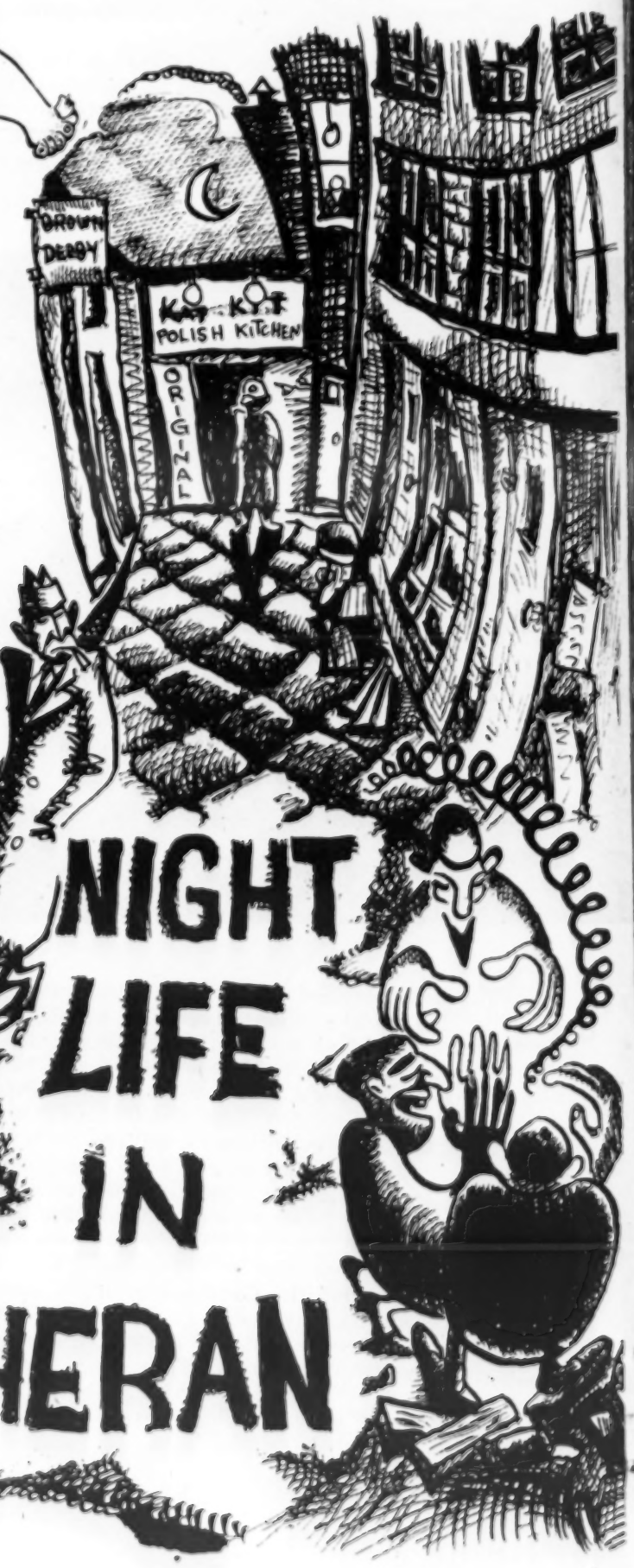
"A Russian band plays American jazz at the Hotel Moscow, though," Pipkin went on. "But it doesn't start until midnight and you need a card to get in. Kathleen had fixed us up. There were no other Americans there and, as we were the only couples dancing to this music, some gorgeous Russian girls began cutting in, wanting to dance 'American style.' Pretty soon the place was a madhouse, with lots of people dancing, and we were having ourselves a hell of a time.

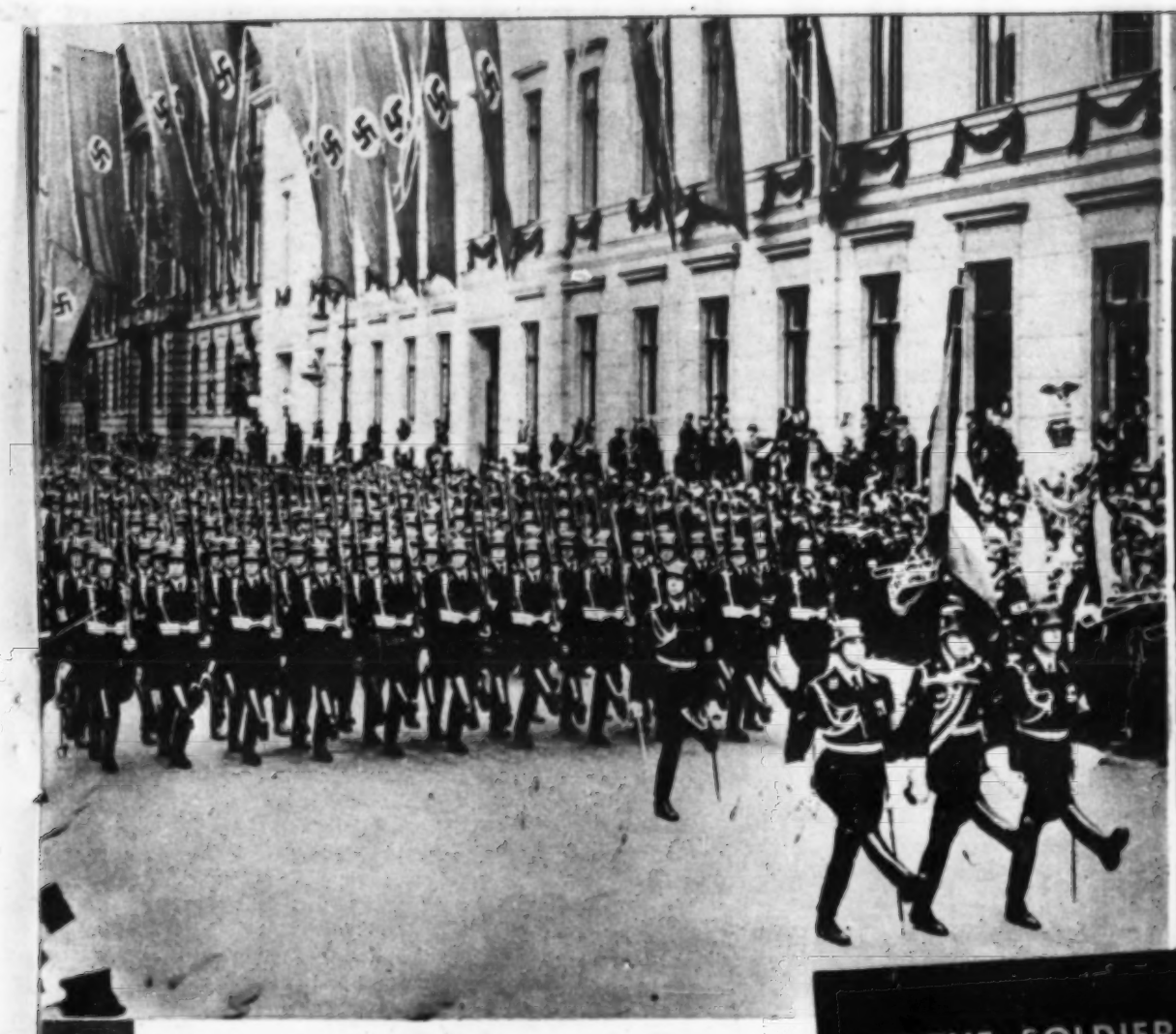
"I was in Moscow the night that Stalin's *Order of the Day* declared that the last German had been driven from Russian soil. I'll remember those victory salutes as long as I live. What a scene! Vodka galore and dancing everywhere in the streets.

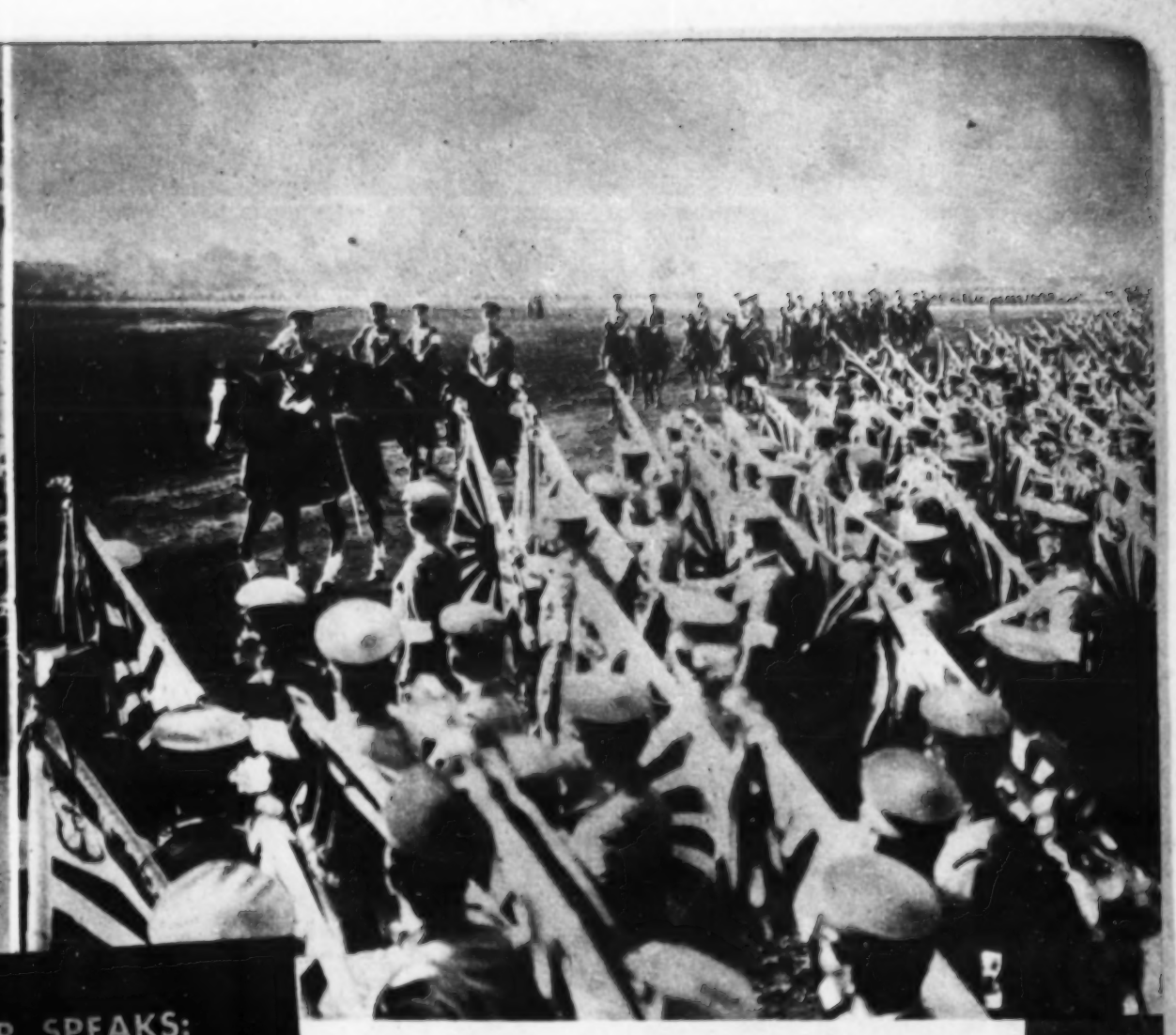
"I'd give anything to be there the night the Russians get to Berlin."

NIGHT LIFE IN TEHERAN

THE little guy at the lower left does not have a cactus on his head, it is a Russian hat. He is only one of the local characters who people the after-sundown scene in Teheran, İran, where GIs of the now-shrunken Persian Gulf Command indulge their taste for cafe society. PGC artist T-5 Frank Agar here catches typical street and cabaret pictures.







THE SOLDIER SPEAKS:

Which was the greater menace to our country and our values: Germany or Japan?

A Menace, but Like Us

GRANTING the danger that Germany is to our way of living, she still does not offer the menace that Japan does. It must be admitted that Germany has made quite a number of important contributions to the furtherance of civilization. We owe a great many medicines, manufacturing methods, ideas of conservation and other things to their scientific research and experimenting. Their way of life is similar to that of other civilized nations. Take away the bestiality of Naziism and you have the same good basic foundation of decency and progressive civilization that you find here in the United States.

In Japan you have a nation that has prospered from the sweat of others. They have never had the initiative to forge ahead on their own but rather have utilized the advancements of other nations. Their scientific and educational books are direct steals from Europe and the U. S. Take away the false mask of civilization and in Japan you will find a hideous, barbaric race, a race that lives on the misfortune of the illiterate masses.

Japan is our real menace and should be smashed so as never to rise above the level of a fourth-rate power.

Oakland (Calif.) Regional Hospital —T/Sgt. JEROLD M. GORBY

Like Us, but a Menace

FOR the very reason that the cultural and economic ties and origins of the United States are European, Germany was and is a greater menace than Japan. Germany is a country we thought we knew. Emigrants from Germany helped build our country. We know German music, literature, art and science. We always thought of Germans as people like ourselves. There lies the danger and menace.

We now know that German cartels in this country and economic penetration of South America all tended toward the world domination sought by German monopolists. We now know that we "can't do business with Hitler," that Nazi barbarism is unforgiveable.

The direct German menace is now averted by Allied armies, but our values are still in jeopardy. Nazi lies are spoken aloud and printed. We have our Negro question and anti-Semitism. Our President is the target for libelous remarks. We cannot trifle with the blasphemies with which they have polluted the world.

But Japanese institutions were dissimilar to ours and left us indifferent. The Japanese had no cartels in this country. Americans found little value in Japanese opinions and dogma. They were always foreign and suspect to us.

—Ex-Sgt. NATHAN MINKOFF
Detroit, Mich. (Veteran of Second World War)

"Nice, Agreeable" Germans

WE must destroy Japan, both as a military power and as an economic contender for prosperity. It is an open-and-shut case. But we are all mixed up about Germany. We realize that we must beat her but we also want to see her become "a nice, agreeable member of the family of nations." Japan, destroyed, will no longer be dangerous but the German danger will still be with us.

Even front-line soldiers and officers admire German efficiency and "the world's finest soldiers." What they admire is what they are fighting to destroy, militarism. How can we achieve an enduring peace if we are unable to decide how to treat Germany? Some say kiss and make up, others say erase her from the map. We cannot afford confusion. It is Germany's avowed intention to conquer the world when we have sunk back into lethargy.

France —Cpl. PHIL STEARNS

Six and a Half Dozen

WOULD you prefer to be bitten fatally by a cobra or crushed to death by a python? Which represents the greater danger to your home—the arsonist who sets fire to the west wing, or the pyromaniac who sets a torch to the east wing?

China —Cpl. HARVEY J. FOX

The Japanese Locusts

GERMANY has had a desire for world conquest for hundreds of years. However, Japan, evading world affairs and problems but capitalizing on the trials of others, has done Germany one better.

These people have lived like locusts for thousands of years and have built up a gigantic war machine on the profits that civilized people of the world have reaped in order to live in a better world. The Japs are capable of using almost anything to their own advantage though incapable of independent thinking.

That is why I think they are more of a menace than the Germans who had an open desire for world domination.

POW Camp, Trinidad, Colo. —Pfc. KENNETH M. WRIGHT

Traitors to Civilization

BY turning renegade to the traditions of Christianity and Western civilization, by bringing war to the world three times since 1870, Germany has proved herself the worst traitor within the family of nations.

By the Dec. 7 stab at Pearl Harbor, Japan revealed herself as an international thug. Once her designs were unmasked we were ready to deal out retribution. But the German menace has been more dangerous because it has used pseudo science and cross-eyed logic to poison truth and falsify values. Racial supremacy justified the enslavement of people by the Germans; the dogma of nationalism undermined and destroyed independent thinking.

Germany's crime is great. Knowing the full implication of her acts she chose war and barbarism as an escape from the problems of peace.

England —S/Sgt. S. J. ZISKIND

Fascist Ideas

COMPLETELY foreign ideas are rarely dangerous, for to be foreign an idea must have no roots in our experience. Japanese values are foreign to us and have attracted few Americans. The Japanese have not tried to export their ideas other than those necessary for economic exploitation of conquered lands. Most Americans hate the Japanese as the villain in a melodrama, not understanding his motivation.

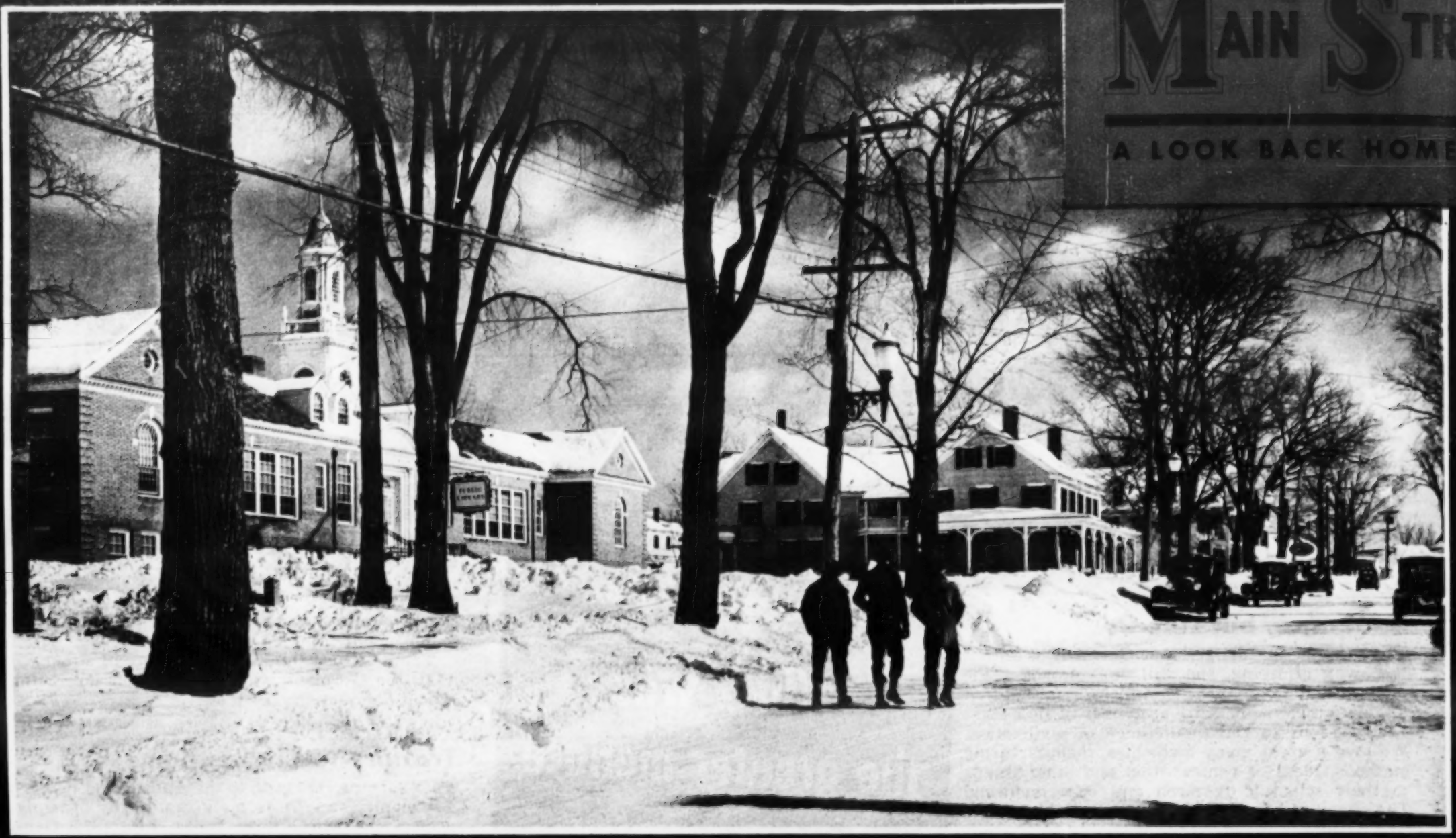
On the other hand German fascist ideas have root and flower in sections of America—the snicker at the smoking-room stories of the Jews; "white supremacy" which can be translated as "*herrenvolk*"; the disgust at the tediousness of democratic procedure and the wish for authoritarian government; the attraction which German militarism has for American nationalists; the Nazi treatment of labor unions, which is that espoused by some of our industrialists: all these are the genitives of fascism, and all are at home.

Germany —Pfc. PERRY WOLFF

THIS page of GI opinion on important issues of the day is a regular feature of YANK. A question for future discussion is "Do You Like What You See in the Movies?" If you have any ideas on this subject send them to The Soldier Speaks Department, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. We will allow you time to get answers here from overseas by mail. The best letters will appear in a future issue.

MAIN STREET

A LOOK BACK HOME SI

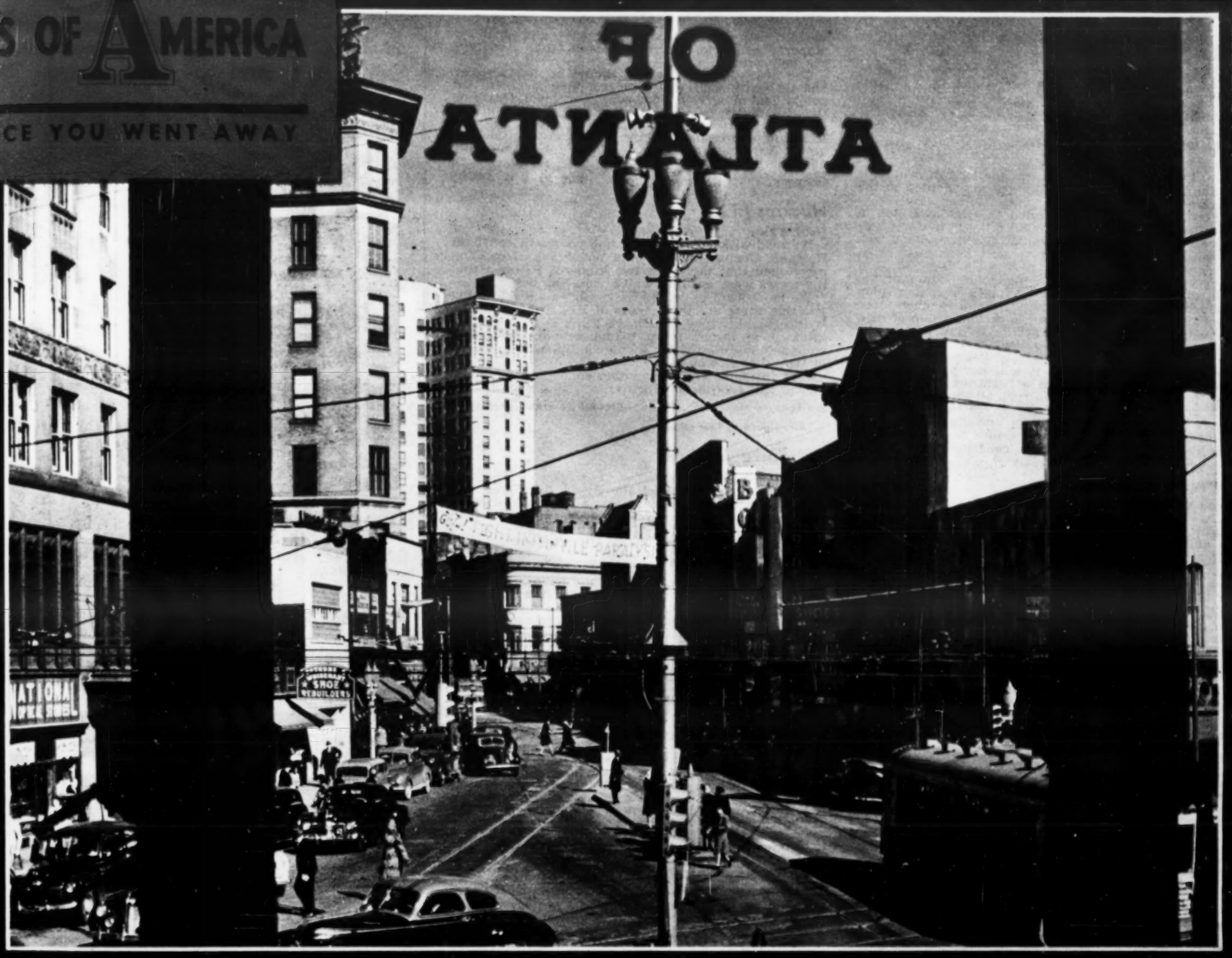


WOLFEBORO, N. H. Like most of the other towns in New England, Wolfeboro has had plenty of snow this winter and Main Street has had to be cleared off after each new storm. This picture was taken from the corner of Union Street facing southeast down Main. It was about 12:45 in the afternoon when the photographer caught these three boys walking past the Carpenter Grade School and the Public Library at the left.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. This picture was taken at 2:45 on a cold winter afternoon. From the fourth floor of the Minneapolis Public Library, facing north, the camera has taken in a long stretch of Hennepin Avenue, which is lined with some of the city's finest shops. The library is at Hennepin and 10th Street. Farther down the avenue, beyond the Orpheum Theater and Schenley sign, is the eight-story Pence Building.

REETS OF AMERICA

E—SINCE YOU WENT AWAY



ATLANTA, GA. Here is what you would see these days if you were working in the First National Bank of Atlanta. This picture was taken from the bank president's office at 1:30 P.M. Outside is Five Points, the hub of Georgia's capital city, and the intersection of Peachtree, Decatur and Marietta Streets and Edgewood Avenue. The trolley is headed south down Peachtree. The 17-story Candler Building is in the center background

PASADENA, CALIF. When there is snow in New Hampshire, flowers bloom in Pasadena and palm trees line the sidewalk. Pasadena is famous for its residences but it also has a prosperous business district, located here on Colorado Street where it is intersected by Fair Oaks Avenue. The picture, looking west, was taken at 3:30 in the afternoon. The Rose Bowl is about two miles away over the Colorado Street Bridge.

MAIL CALL

British Demobilization

Dear YANK:

...There are two features in the British demobilization plan which I would like to see adopted in the American plan.

First, age should be included as a major factor in determining priority of demobilization. The older fellows have had to take a rough deal from the start, physically and emotionally as well as economically. They deserve a break.

Secondly, I feel, the group demobilization of the British plan has certain advantages over our plan (which evaluates each individual) and is much more democratic. In so many cases, a certain group of men have been denied various privileges and advantages because they did their job well and could not be spared. That is well enough now, but when the time comes for demobilization, it will not be fair to penalize a man simply because he is efficient at an important job, while letting Snafu reap all the benefits. For this great event, I would like to see the regulations apply universally to all soldiers, and the War Department take it for granted that no man is irreplaceable. The British have discarded the conception of the "indispensable man." Why can't we?

Camp Blanding, Fla. —Cpl. SOL STEIN

Dear YANK:

. . . Although ours on the surface may seem the fairer plan, the British one, by its very simplicity and its ability to begin functioning the day of Germany's defeat, will emerge as the better one. Then too, a great number of our seasoned veterans will find that the word "essential" is to be their Nemesis, while the British consider no man essential. . . .

Yuma, Ariz. —Sgt. ARNOLD HOPPER

Dear YANK:

...It seems that once again we must look to the British for leadership in a problem affecting the life blood of our country. It's a perfect plan and doesn't give officers an edge over GIs like our plan does. Here in America we couldn't say when a person can expect to be discharged after hostilities cease. . . .

Camp Howze, Texas —Pvt. HARRY BOLAND

Dear YANK:

...According to the British demobilization bill, each and every man in the British armed service can sit down and figure out in a few minutes just when he can expect to be discharged after cessation of hostilities—age and length of service being the only thing that counts. They recognize no such things as essentiality. The American plan of demobilization is the most complicated mess that was ever devised. . . .

There is one category of men who have been completely forgotten or ignored by the American demobilization plan. I mean the men in their thirties, who married late in life and whose wives are approaching their forties and who are now childless due to war conditions and whose hopes of ever having a family are blasted because the plan has no consideration for age.

Fort Bliss, Texas —Sgt. WILLIAM H. EVANS

PX for Plutocrats

Dear YANK:

I'm stationed somewhere along the Ledo Road. We have a PX, but anything that a guy wouldn't be ashamed to send home as a gift costs anywhere from Rs. 60 [60 rupees, roughly $18] to Rs. 300 [$90]. Even a pillow cover with the CBI insignia on it costs 22 rupees. Pocketbooks (I mean something a gal back home will show to everybody with the words "I got this from a guy in India") will stick you 90 rupees. An ivory statuette costs the same. Damn, even a doll costs 20 rupees.

Will you please use your influence to have our PX divided into two sections. In one section let there be a woman (damned if I'll take a man's word), and let her explain to me the reason for the prices listed therein or let her show me the gold or the sapphires woven into the materials I hope to pay 300 rupees for. It would take me six months to save up that sum.

In the other section let there be something (anything, so long as it is novel) costing under Rs. 60, the present average price.

India —Cpl. JOEL LYNCH

Sleeping Bag

Dear YANK:

I have just received a new GI sleeping bag and thought that I would pass on a few simple instructions on the assembly and use of same. First of all, a few simple tools are necessary. These include pliers, wire cutters, hammer, screw driver, hack saw, monkey wrench and a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. (The latter item is for the nerves.)

The first step is to put the outer covering over the inner covering, or, if you prefer, the inner covering over the outer covering. A blanket or two is then neatly folded and carefully tucked in the inside of the bag, or, if you like, you can pin the blankets neatly on the outside, using only the Little Giant No. 14176324 Nonskid Safety Pin.

Now you are ready to enter into your battlefront boudoir for an exhilarating night's repose. This is accomplished by entering feet first with a series of eel-like wriggling motions until your feet have hit bottom. The next step is to case your head into the snuggle-bunny hood which is attached and then reach forward and downward and firmly grasp at the convenient loop which is attached to the zipper. If the zipper doesn't close with a smooth, gliding motion, the hell with it!

The next morning the bag should be neatly rolled and tied with your tent rope and then taken to that genial gent of service, your supply sergeant. Grasping the roll firmly in both hands, you bop him on the noggin with it and scream at least one of the two following expressions at him: "You can take this and you know what you can do with it!" or "Gimme my goddam blankets back!"

Germany —Pvt. JOHN G. DAVIES

Huckins PTs

Dear YANK:

We read with great appreciation your article, "Night Raid off Genoa," but we find one grave error. You mentioned that there are two kinds of PTs and that the crews were arguing which were the best.

We don't want to be Sad Sacks, so we are informing you that there are three types of PTs. The third type is the Huckins type, which we think is the best. We think it is faster, more maneuverable and better equipped, and has better living conditions than either of the other two craft.

If at any time we have another choice of a new outfit, we will choose the Huckins.

Pacific —CHARLES J. DAVIS MoMM2c*

*Also signed by four others.

Air Force Medals

Dear YANK:

We got a gripe against the Army Air Force and think it's a fair one. We are just a squadron of Navy air-crewmen and believe our opinion is shared with many other men of the Naval Air Force.

We think the AAF is doing OK, but our gripe is how they hand out the medals. These fellows are given the Air Medal for completing five missions. That's OK, but that isn't what really burns us up. For completing 15 missions they are given the DFC, one of our country's highest awards. It's an insult to the men who earned the DFC and more so to the men who gave their lives and received this award.

How about putting the Army and Navy on equal standards for decorations?

Pacific —R. P. STESSEN AOM3c*

*Also signed by nine others.

Combat Uniform

Dear YANK:

We of the combat troops would like to make a suggestion. Soldiers of the armed forces all wear the same uniform. We feel that troops who have seen combat should be distinguished by a uniform which is different from that worn by the members of the armed forces who have never seen foreign soil. Our suggestion: a uniform consisting of an olive-drab Eisenhower jacket, dark green pants, paratrooper boots and a dark green garrison cap. See what you can do about it.

Germany —T/3 HENRY GUTIENREZ*

*Also signed by Pvt. R. L. Stritesky.

Enlisted Bombardiers

Dear YANK:

Why isn't something done for the enlisted bombardiers? Most of us are Regular Army and have been bombing for a couple of years. Some have been commissioned, but most of us have not been that fortunate. We have been given jobs in various classifications and have in many cases been reclassified as clerks.

Why won't the War Department give us a chance to get an aircraft observer's (bombardier) rating? That is the only thing between us and a commission. Many of us have been overseas in combat and have flown as many missions, received as many medals and have done as good a job as have any of the commissioned bombardiers from cadet schools.

They tell us that we can no longer bomb because there is no such thing as an enlisted bombardier. They didn't tell us that where the ack-ack was flying and where the targets had to be bombed. We took the same risk, if not a greater risk, in earlier stages of the war that men with commissions are now taking.

Biggs Field, Tex. —T/Sgt. ALBERT W. MOSLEY

GIs and Civilians

Dear YANK:

Your editorial, "Servicemen and Civilians," presented facts that need a great deal of clarification to some of the men. On many occasions our bull sessions get on this subject, and the distorted facts that are repeated show how poorly informed the average GI is. The soldiers in the Army should be more fully informed as to the amount of work the soldiers of production are turning out to make the United Nations victorious in their fight against fascism. It is only by such fine factual articles that many of us will get the true picture of what is really taking place on the home front.

I hope that this article is a forerunner to many more on the subject.

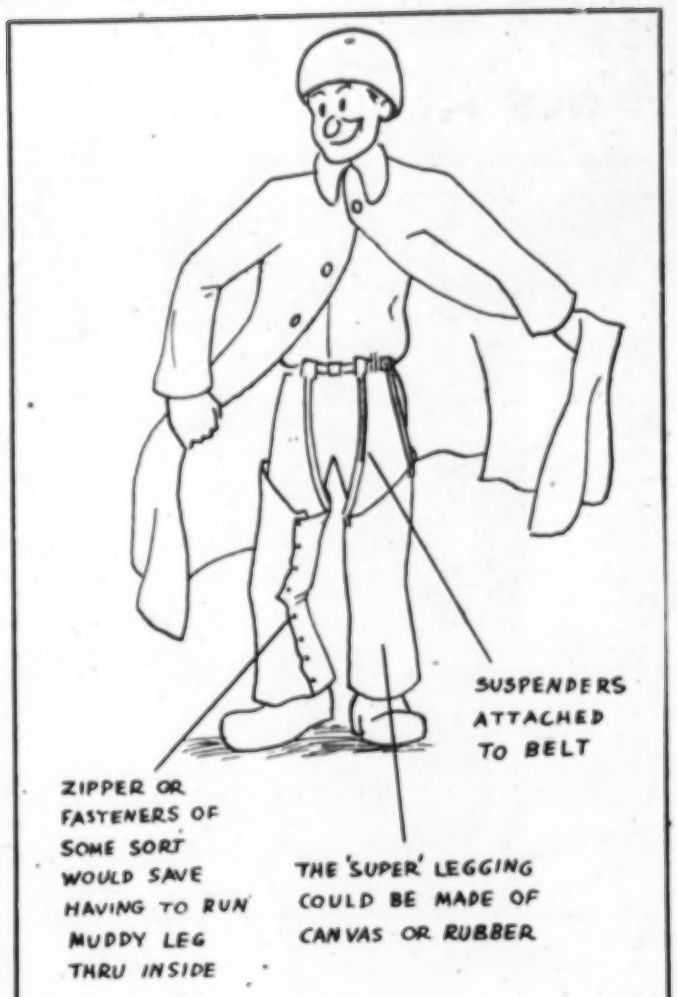
Dutch East Indies —Sgt. I. GILBERT

GI Bill of Rights (Cont.)

Dear YANK:

In a recent issue of YANK, there appeared a letter from WO W. D. Fowler asking what the GI Bill of Rights has to offer a man who desires to remain in service after the war. Apparently he has a misconception of the purpose of that bill. It was not intended as a reward to servicemen, but rather as an aid in readjustment to civilian life.

There won't be much left of mustering-out pay after a man re-outfits himself with civilian clothes, something


SUSPENDERS ATTACHED TO BELT
ZIPPER OR FASTENERS OF SOME SORT WOULD SAVE HAVING TO RUN MUDDY LEG THRU INSIDE
THE 'SUPER' LEGGING COULD BE MADE OF CANVAS OR RUBBER

Raincoat Suggestion

Dear YANK:

After pulling guard duty and other details out in the rain, I wonder why somebody hasn't thought of an accessory to go with the raincoat that will protect the pants from the knee down. An ordinary legging won't do it. I see in YANK where a sergeant made an "extension" to his raincoat, which is probably okay as long as a fellow won't have a CO that will want to know where the extra piece came from. GI raincoats aren't made for looks.

If you think the attached design worthy of being given any thought, I'd appreciate your sending it wherever it belongs. At least it might give somebody an idea to work on, and I'm sure anybody that ever needs a raincoat will welcome something of the sort.

Corsica —S/Sgt. NICOLAS GONZALES

those who stay in the Army will not find necessary. As for education, the various branches of service have technical schools for training men to fill their service jobs, and the USAFI provides education for practically nothing more than the effort.

Mr. Fowler seems to desire a reward for remaining on the job he intends making his life work. The GI Bill of Rights certainly isn't the bonanza it has been pictured. It will aid those who can spare the time to continue their schooling, and it may prove very beneficial if there is a depression shortly after the war. The main feature is that which enables the ex-serviceman to borrow money at a low rate of interest.

It seems to me that this bill is merely a good start toward aiding the veteran, but it should be followed by legislation to enable the veteran to achieve equal footing with the men who were deferred. I don't feel the country owes me an easy life for my remaining years, but I do believe I deserve a chance to compete with men my age who were deferred.

Camp Gordon, Ga. —Pvt. DAVID R. MARKLEY

Bomb Disposal Squads

Dear YANK:

I have been reading your magazine for quite some time, and reading articles about the GIs who are doing their bit in this war. I often wonder if the American soldier has ever heard of a "bomb disposal squad." We, too, are doing our share, not only behind the lines but also at the front, clearing towns and buildings, making them safe to enter for civilians and other GIs passing through.

France —T-5 JOE WITTSTOCK

Male Nurses (Cont.)

Dear YANK:

I see by today's bulletin that it may be necessary to draft nurses. We have Wacs and Waves to release men for positions where they are needed. Why can't men fill in in the nursing profession?

I was a male nurse in civilian life. I have taken the same training as the Army requires of its nurses. In some cases I have more credits than the Army requires. For a year I have been doing a nurse's work, yet the T/O doesn't have any place for such a misfit. It took me 10 months in a lieutenant's position to get a corporal's rating.

There are many of us men in the Army who have taken this training and are proud of it. It isn't a sissy job. . . . Why can't we be given equal rank with our present nurses? We worked hard enough for it in civilian life. Now that the Army needs nurses, why can't we get recognition?

Iran —Cpl. VICTOR E. DUERKSEN

CAMP NEWS

Wacs Are Editors of 3 Camp Newspapers

There was a time when editors of camp newspapers were flat-footed ex-police reporters, ulcer-ridden fugitives from copy desks or well-fed former advertising copywriters. But the boys are shoving off to the wars these days, and women are taking their editorial chairs. Here, for instance, are three Wacs who are holding down jobs as editors of camp newspapers:

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR

Ontario AAF, Calif.—Sgt. James P. Forte's next-door neighbor is his squadron CO, Lt. William E. Shannon. What makes it tough on Forte is that the CO hangs out the family wash each week. That gives Mrs. Forte the perfect argument. "If your CO hangs out the wash for his wife," she tells her husband, "I don't see why you don't do the same for me."

AROUND THE CAMPS

Camp Breckinridge, Ky. — Two guards at the Prisoner of War Camp here are named Pow and Camp—Pfc. Seymour Pow and Pvt. Herbert Camp.

AAF Bombardier School, Big Spring, Tex. — The film critic of *EM*, base newspaper here, uses stripes to rate the movies shown at the post theaters. The three stripes and three rockers of a master sergeant indicate that a picture is tops.

Frederick AAF, Okla. — Pvt. Al Washington's buddies in Section F weren't particularly surprised when the usually fast-slugging heavyweight lost his bout at the Norman boxing show recently. Pvt. Washington had just got married the night before.

Shaw Field, S. C. — Sgt. Sid Hausman, former Bridgeport (Conn.) druggist, thought there was something familiar about the vocalist with Dean Hudson's band at a GI dance here recently. The singer turned out to be the kid who used to jerk sodas in Hausman's store.

Camp Lee, Va.—The long and short of it at this camp are Pvt. Donald M. Long of Ruby, Alaska, and Cpl. Edward P. Short of Oakland, Calif. Both are members of the 48th Training Company at the Army Service Forces Training Center here. Long is three inches shorter than Short, who is 6 feet 1 inch.

Redistribution Center, Atlantic City, N. J.—T/Sgt. Roy W. Richardson is back in the States for reassignment after having served a record short time in aerial combat. He went overseas as a medic but was bitten by the flying bug and transferred to the Air Forces. On his very first mission he was shot down and imprisoned in Rumania.

ASF Ordnance Training Center, Flora, Miss.—Out of the goodness of his heart, S/Sgt. James P. Farrell of Green Bay, Wis., stayed in the Army four days after he could have collected his discharge to take a job in essential industry. Farrell, who is a draftsman now at work in the shipyards at Sturgeon Bay, Wis., stayed on to finish a master map of this post, a job he had started some time before.

Camp Crowder, Mo.—Soldiers who occupy the top floor of a barracks in Company 1, 800th Signal Training Regiment, can't be blamed if they're a little confused when they read the bulletin board these days. The lower floor is occupied entirely by sailors training in the Central Signal Corps School, and the duty roster posted there contains such alien items as this: "The men swabbing the deck will also straighten the sacks and dust the sea chests."

Dazzled by Stars

Fort Warren, Wyo.—A staff member of the Fort Warren *Sentinel* reports that he was so absorbed in his newspaper at a downtown lunch counter that when his neighbor asked him to pass the sugar, he casually slid the bowl a full four feet to the diner without looking up. A glitter on the shoulder of his neighbor caught his eye, however. Turning his head in what is sometimes called a double take, the EM almost fell off his stool when he saw the three awesome stars of a lieutenant general.

Apparently unperturbed by the EM's breach of etiquette, the general remarked chattily that they ought to make the spout bigger on the sugar jar. By a supreme effort the EM managed to utter something that sounded like "Ulp." Then he crumpled his check on the plate, picked up his paper napkin, presented it to the cashier and beat a hasty retreat. He's still wondering who the three-star was.

Kearney AAF, Nebr.—S/Sgt. Rosamond D. Elliott, editor of the *Duster* and the first member of the WAC to hold such an editorship, was S/Sgt. Staats before her marriage to Sgt. James Elliott last December. Before she enlisted, she was experienced in fields allied to public relations. After completing high school at Mankato, Minn., where she specialized in journalism and won a statewide prize in interviewing, she worked at photoengraving and did commercial art for the same company. Then she went to Chicago and did advertising art and layouts for Butler Brothers, a big wholesale firm, meanwhile taking night courses in fashion illustration and anatomy at Chicago Art Institute. Later she took a secretarial course and became secretary to the furniture buyer of Butler Brothers.

She enlisted in Chicago on Apr. 27, 1943, in what was then the WAAC, and took her early training at Fort Devens, Mass. She joined the Public Relations Office at Kearney AAF in July 1943 and, as a pfc, became editor of the *Duster* in November that year. She is particularly proud of the Bombardment Wing's award of "Superior" made to the *Duster* since she became editor.

Rapid City AAB, S. Dak.—Pfc. Mary Moulton, editor of the *Thunderbird*, learned newspapering on her father's weekly, the Stuart (Iowa) *Herald*, where she worked for five years after attending Stuart High School and Grinnell College at Grinnell, Iowa. Describing her duties on the *Herald*, she says she was "printer's devil, society editor, chat columnist and political reporter."

She enlisted in the WAC on Jan. 27, 1944, at Fort Des Moines, Iowa. After completing her basic training, she arrived at Rapid City on Mar. 27 and was immediately assigned to Special Services and given the job of editing the *Thunderbird*. Not only does Pfc. Moulton edit the paper but she also distributes the finished product to the various squadrons each week.

Fort Crook, Nebr.—Pvt. Miriam E. Tilley, editor of the *Fort Crook Shield*, had valuable civilian training for her GI journalism. For four years at Duke University in Durham, N. C., she was on the staff on the *Duke Chronicle* and after attending Heidelberg University in Germany for a year on an exchange scholarship, she wrote an account of her travels in pre-war Europe. After her graduation from Duke in 1940, Miss Tilley was a reporter on the Raleigh (N. C.) *Times* in her home town for a year, and just before she entered the service she was assistant editor of the Sarasota (Fla.) *Herald-Tribune*.

Enlisting Dec. 7, 1943, Pvt. Tilley took her basic training at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. Before she was transferred to Fort Crook, she was in the Public Relations Office at Fort Riley, Kans.

S/Sgt. Rosamond D. Elliott

Pfc. Mary Moulton

Pvt. Miriam E. Tilley

HANDLES BY PERMISSION. S/Sgt. Thornton Glide Jr. has an eight-year-old mustache which Gen. Joseph Stilwell let him keep when he entered the Army.

VETERANS. Pvt. William J. Van Wart who arrived from overseas to be a patient at Oliver General Hospital, Augusta, Ga., got the treat of playing in a foursome teamed up with golf champ Bobby Jones.

WINGED BAKERY

By Sgt. RAY DUNCAN

THE ALEUTIANS—Some of my very best friends are flyers, but I never really knew how wonderful they were until I saw the motion picture "Winged Victory."

The film is a tribute to our Army Air Forces. Unfortunately I saw it in an Infantry mess hut. The Infantry is bitter up here, and the audience spoiled some of the most delightful scenes. Hollywood should forget flyers for a while and maybe do a tribute to the Army's cooks and bakers. Something like this:

WINGED BAKERY

SCENE I

Two civilian youths are strolling hand-in-hand, coming home from glee-club practice. One is called BROOKLYN, *because he's from Brooklyn, and the other is called* TEXAS, *because he's from Texas.*

BROOKLYN: Gee, look, Texas. Here comes a loaf of bread!

TEXAS: Gosh—where? *(A beautiful blonde passes, carrying a loaf of bread.)*

BROOKLYN: My, that *was* a beauty. Did you ever see such delicate crust? Oh, Texas, I want *so* much to bake bread!

TEXAS: We will some day, Brooklyn, as soon as our induction papers arrive. The Army needs bakers. We've waited so long. . . .

MAILMAN *(entering)*: Fellows, this is it!

BROOKLYN: Hurrah, hurrah! Our induction papers are here!

TEXAS *(gravely)*: Well, Brooklyn, this is it.

(Enter 16 girls, the wives and sweethearts of the two chums.)

GIRLS *(all together)*: Yes, this is it! We love you so. And don't forget to send us gold identification bracelets.

(Everyone sings the stirring cooks-and-bakers song "Pattycake, Pattycake, Baker Man," *as* BROOKLYN *and* TEXAS *depart hand in hand.)*

SCENE II

The washout room at Cooks and Bakers School, with a kindly major presiding. Other officers, all with iron-gray hair, sit around the mahogany table. On the wall is a poster that says "Keep 'em Frying."

MAJOR: Send in Cadet Jones. I hate this job of washing out cadets.

OFFICERS *(in chorus)*: Yes, we know. We hate this job.

MAJOR: Cadet Jones, it's my unpleasant duty to inform you that you've been eliminated from Cooks and Bakers School.

JONES *(biting lip)*: Yes, sir! Well, this is it. *(Takes pistol from his pocket and shoots himself.)*

MAJOR: Just a minute, soldier. I hadn't dismissed you yet! Discipline is getting mighty lax around here. Call in the next man.

*(*BROOKLYN *enters.)*

MAJOR: Cadet Brooklyn, you're eliminated from Cooks and Bakers School because your biscuits collapse. Also, your bread is crumby.

BROOKLYN: Yessir. Well, this is it. *(Puts a pistol to his head but it misfires. He sobs.)* See, I'm a failure at everything I try.

MAJOR: Now, now, son. Don't feel that way. You still can be a fireman. You see, a baking crew is a team. A fireman is just as valuable as a commissioned baker, except he gets a lot less pay. . . . Call in the next man. I hate this job.

SCENE III

The oven room in a mess hall overseas. BROOKLYN, *now only a tech sergeant, is writing a letter. Enter* TEXAS, *a commissioned baker.*

TEXAS: Don't feel bitter, Brooklyn, because you washed out and failed to get your baker's commission, like *I* got. You're still sort of useful as a fireman. You see, a baking crew is a team. Even firemen are important, in a way.

BROOKLYN: Thanks, old man, but please don't mention it so often. Well, tonight's the big night. We're baking that batch of cookies for Christmas dinner. This is it!

(Enter the baking crew, singing "Pattycake." *They fire the furnace and put in a batch of oatmeal cookies.)*

BROOKLYN *(leaping to the oven door)*: Heavens, one of the cookies fell off the pan into the flames.

It must be saved! Well, this is it! *(He crawls into the roaring furnace.)*

TEXAS *(slowly closing the oven door)*: I'm not much of a philosopher, fellows, but somehow I feel that there's a meaning to all this. Brooklyn hasn't died in vain. We'll build a better world. . . .

DOCTOR: *(entering, supporting* BROOKLYN*)*: *He's* going to be all right. These sulfa drugs are marvelous. We shook him out of the ashes down in the cellar.

BROOKLYN: I'm all right. Carry on, fellows! How are the cookies?

COMMANDING OFFICER *(entering)*: Congratulations, men. These cookies are delicious. The good work continues. The troops are being fed. Millions of cooks and bakers are on the march. . . .

As he speaks millions of cooks and bakers march past arm in arm singing "Pattycake" *as the scene fades to*

THE END

STRICTLY GI

Casualties

OUR combat casualties as of Feb. 7 totaled 782,180. Army casualties comprised 693,342, including 135,510 killed, 408,553 wounded (of whom 202,813 have returned to duty), 58,556 prisoners and 90,723 missing. Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard casualties totaled 88,838, including 33,536 dead, 40,607 wounded, 4,474 prisoners of war and 10,221 missing.

From D-Day to Feb. 1, Army Ground Forces suffered 394,874 casualties on the Western Front. Of these 63,410 were killed, 273,997 wounded and 57,467 missing. AGF Western Front casualties in January totaled 61,962, including 8,848 killed, 41,325 wounded and 11,789 missing.

Five thousand prisoners were taken in the advance on Kleve. On the Western Front's southern flank, the French Army has taken 96,000 German prisoners since August. Some 20,000 of these were captured in the Colmar offensive now under way.

New Jersey Elections

A primary election will be held in New Jersey on June 12 for certain state officers, including members of the General Assembly in all counties, state senators in certain counties and certain county and local officers in all counties. GIs from New Jersey may obtain from their Soldier Voting officer a post-card application for a State Absentee Ballot, which may be sent at any time to the Secretary of State, Trenton, N. J. The State will begin mailing ballots to servicemen on Apr. 12, and the executed ballot must be received back by June 12 to be eligible to be counted.

Municipal elections will be held on May 8 in the following places in New Jersey: Asbury Park, Audubon Park, Bordentown, Cape May City, Clark Township (Union County), Collingswood (borough), East Millstone, Hackensack, Haddonfield (borough), Jersey City, Keansburg (borough), Lyndhurst Township (Bergen County), Midford Lake (borough), Millville, Monmouth Beach (borough), Newark, Sea Isle City, Vineland (borough), West Cape May (borough) and Wildwood Crest (borough).

63d Division

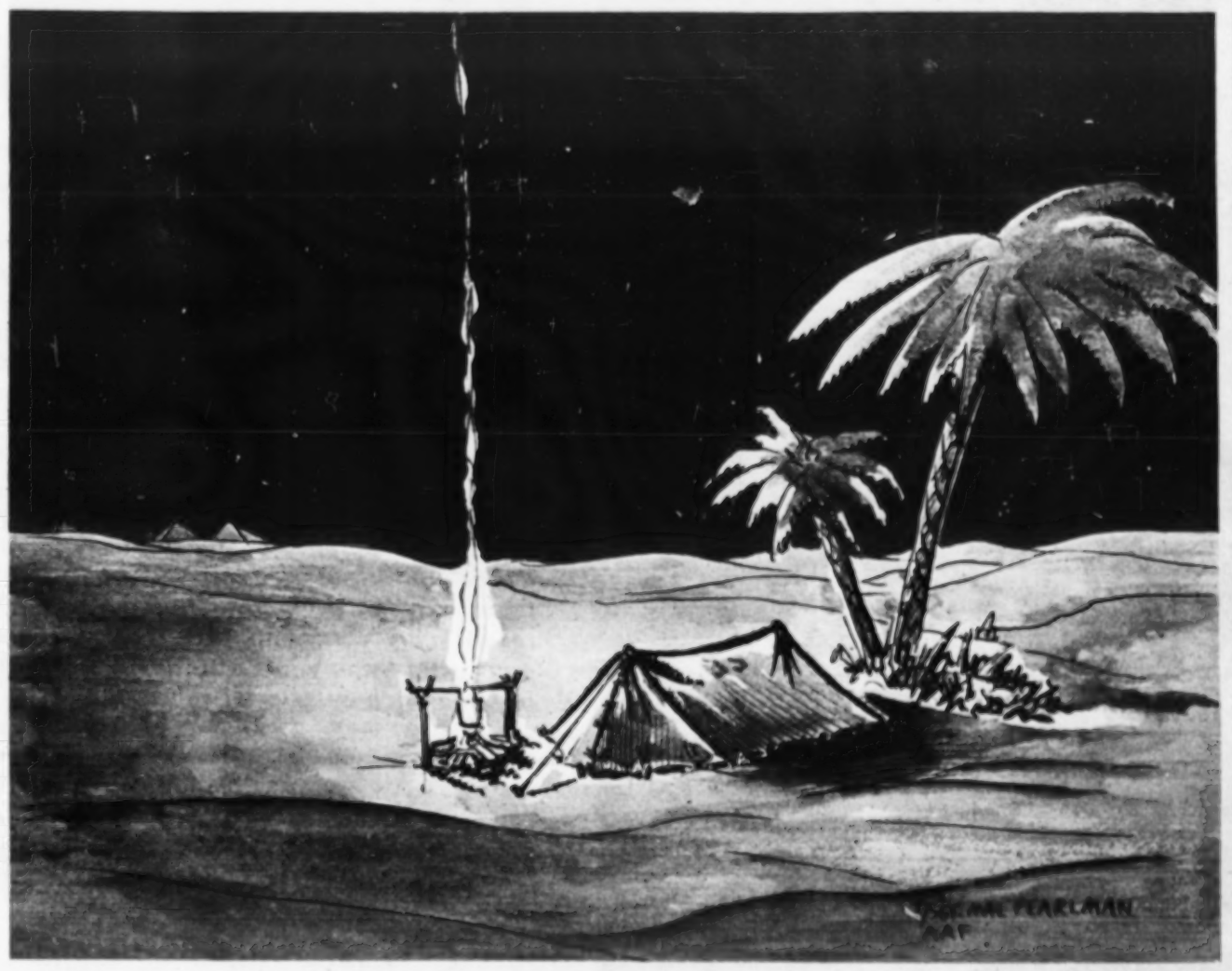
The Seventh Army has announced that the entire 63d (Blood and Fire) Division is now on the Western Front. The division was activated in June 1943 at Camp Blanding, Fla., and trained at Camp Van Dorn, Miss. It entered the lines in France on Dec. 22. The 63d is under the command of Maj. Gen. Louis E. Hibbs. The Seventh Army also identified the commander of its 70th Infantry Division as Maj. Gen. Allison J. Bernett of Washington, D. C.

ATC Record

ATC pilots and crews piled up an all-time month's record during January when they flew 44,000 tons of supplies over the Hump to China. This tonnage is more than four times the goal set early in 1943, and was made in spite of severe icing, 5,000-foot-per-minute updrafts and 100-mile-per-hour winds that lashed the Hump. Freight thus fed to China in 1944 totaled more than 231,000 net tons.

First GI Loan

Jack Charles Breeden, Falls Church, Va., became the first veteran of the second World War to receive a business loan under the GI Bill of Rights when a Washington bank approved his request for $3,000 to enable him to go into the wholesale meat business. Under the terms of the bill, 50 percent of the amount was guaranteed by the Veterans' Administration. Breeden will use the money to buy a refrigerator truck with which he will deliver meat and packers' products to about 25 stores in northern Virginia and the Washington metropolitan area.



"So I says to the captain, 'Where are we going to find all these guys to send overseas?' "

Hospital Program

The Army Medical Department has begun a hospital-enlargement plan under which the bed capacity of the Army's 70 general and convalescent hospitals will be increased from 150,000 to 220,000. Admissions of overseas wounded are now running more than 30,000 a month. One means of obtaining the increase will be by expansion of several present station hospitals to the general and convalescent type.

Newest shortage felt by the Army Medical Department is that of occupational therapists, who are vital in the reconditioning of sick and wounded soldiers. Of 1,800 qualified registered occupational therapists in the country, the Army has only 225 and needs another 225 immediately. The Medical Department is seeking applicants who have completed the four-year occupational therapy course. Persons who are hired go into Civil Service's subprofessional classification and draw $1,800 per year, plus overtime.

POWS in the States

Prisoners of war held in the U. S. totaled 359,248 as of Feb. 1. The total includes 305,867 Germans, 50,561 Italians and 2,820 Japs. These are held in 135 base camps and 308 branch camps in all sections of the country.

New Winter Boot

Soldiers in wet-cold climates will get a new knee-length boot to replace the standard overshoe. The foot is made on the regular overshoe last. The leg is made of rubber-coated olive-drab fabric, having an adjustable buckle fastener above the knee and snap fasteners below. To insure a better fit, the foot part has four pairs of eyelets bound by leather laces. The boot is lighter than the present overshoe. First order was for 50,000 pairs.

New Smoke Bomb

A skymarker bomb (M87), which leaves a trail of colored smoke in the air to mark obscured targets, has been developed by the Chemical Warfare Service. A pathfinder plane, guided over the target by instruments, drops one or more of the bombs, which leave a dense trail of red or yellow smoke that persists for five minutes and is visible to planes five miles to the rear.

Succeeding waves of bombers drop their bombs at the point where the colored smoke breaks through the clouds, the loads following the smoke bombs' trajectory. The smoke bomb is thin-walled and contains eight smoke grenades and sand, which bring its weight to 98 pounds.

Berlin Bombings

Since its first raid on Berlin on Mar. 4, 1944, the AAF has dropped 15,116 tons of bombs on the Nazi capital. This HE cascade was aimed principally at Berlin's munitions plants, marshaling yards and communications centers. More than 6,400 heavy bombers were used in 16 Berlin raids during this period. The Reich capital got its heaviest dose on Feb. 3, when 937 aircraft dumped 2,266 tons of bombs on the city. Next to Berlin in receipt of bomb weight is Munich, which has taken 12,672 tons.

GI Shop Talk

Hq. and Hq. Company, 2d Military Railway Service, in charge of operating all GI railroads in France, is the first Western Front outfit to receive the Meritorious Service Unit plaque. . . . The Office of Dependency Benefits has to date disbursed 7½ billion dollars in allowances and allotments to dependents of Army men and women. . . . The pocketknife industry must expand its employment to meet Army orders of 10,000,000 knives for bomber crews, ski troopers, sailors and other members of the armed forces.

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YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

With the clock on the dresser at a quarter of 12, Pvt. McDonald reads the paper in bed.

While he has a rich breakfast of hot cakes and fresh eggs, his cousin, Helen McDonald, pours his milk.

And now it's time for a few telephone calls which he had promised to make for the men in his outfit.

His aunt, Blanche McDonald, wraps him up before he goes out on the town while a friend looks on.

Home on Furlough

THESE are two stories of soldiers who got home on furlough from overseas duty—one an interview, the other a first-hand account by the man on furlough. Pvt. John McDonald was one of the lucky GI medal-wearers picked from an outfit in combat on the Western Front. He spent his 30 days in and around his home town of Hollis, Long Island. Sgt. Ralph Boyce, whose furlough took him to Worcester, Mass., was with one of the first U. S. units to land in Australia. He put together planes in an air depot for about a year, then became a reporter for YANK in the Southwest Pacific. He records his own impressions of 30 precious days after three years abroad—not expertizing, just telling how one GI felt.

Back From the ETO

By Sgt. WALTER BERNSTEIN
YANK Staff Writer

HOLLIS, L. I.—The civilian sun streaming through the bedroom window woke 23-year-old John McDonald. He hid his face in the pillow until he saw that he wasn't going to sleep any more, then raised up and looked at the clock on the dresser. The clock said a quarter of 12.

McDonald turned on his back, stretched, yawned, stretched again and reached over to a chair beside his bed for a cigarette. He lit one, propped up his pillow and reached for the morning paper that his aunt had placed at the foot of the bed. He read the paper for a few minutes, then put it away and just lay there, smoking and looking up at the ceiling and listening to the stillness of an American weekday morning in the suburbs.

When he grew tired of this, McDonald got up, shaved, took a hot and cold shower, dressed and went downstairs to breakfast. On the kitchen table were a stack of hot cakes, a quart and a half of cold milk, two boiled eggs, white bread, butter, maple syrup and a pot of coffee. He ate slowly, while his aunt waited on him. In the middle of breakfast, the phone rang and McDonald got up to answer. It was a girl he knew; McDonald made a date with her for that night. His day had begun.

He had exactly 24 more of them before he returned to his job as gunner in the 5th Division's reconaissance troop, somewhere in Germany. McDonald was one of some 1,300 combat infantrymen who were literally pulled out of the lines and sent home for 30 days as part of a new War Department plan to give doughfeet a break.

When he had first heard the news, McDonald was just preparing to go out on patrol. Everyone in his squad had known he had a good chance of getting home. They were picking men with two or more decorations from each outfit on the Western Front, and McDonald had two Silver Stars. So nobody was surprised when a clerk from division came up to McDonald and said, "Pack your stuff and get ready to leave."

"Okay," Pvt. McDonald said.

"Suppose you know where you're going," the clerk said.

"Yes," McDonald said.

After that they took him back to Metz, where it was reasonably safe, and then shipped him to Paris for 10 days. McDonald won't forget those 10 days for a long time.

"Those Paris women," he recalled, with true appreciation. "They got it."

Then the Army shipped him and the rest of the 1,300 to a replacement depot, and shortly afterward McDonald and the others were on a boat coming home. Throughout all this, the men were treated very well; there was practically no chicken and at the repple-depple the returning infantrymen were put in a separate section, where they couldn't hear the screams of the other inmates.

McDonald didn't have much to say about his first reaction to the States after two years overseas. He didn't faint or cry or even choke up when he landed. He just thought things looked pretty good.

When his group was turned loose, McDonald came home to Hollis to stay with his aunt and uncle. His parents are dead, and his two younger brothers and sister live with other relatives.

He got in about 6 in the morning, and everyone was waiting for him. There was a big "Welcome" sign across the living room, and the refrigerator was crammed full in his honor. His relatives had planned a big party for New Year's Eve, hoping John would be in Hollis by then, but he hadn't been able to make it. It didn't matter, though. He was home.

He was home for 30 fast days to make up in part for the long hours in Iceland, the dreary training days in England and Ireland and the brutal weeks from Normandy to the little town in Germany where he had received the news of his furlough. He had one month in which to sleep between sheets in a soft bed; 720 hours to drink milk and eat home-cooked meals, go to double features and dance with a girl who talked his language, listen to the radio with his shoes off and see people he had known all his life. He had 43,200 minutes in which to walk familiar streets and look at billboards, trolley cars, store windows, convertible coupes and proud, beautiful, well-fed American women.

And that was just what McDonald did.

"I don't have any special plans," he told people when he first got back to Hollis. "I just get up in the morning and think of what I want to do, and then I do it."

Mostly he visited relatives and slept and drank beer and ate as much as he could carry of his aunt's cooking. He went out on a couple of dates but wasn't in a rush to go night-clubbing.

"Not yet," he said when he'd been home six days. "You have to swing into that kind of thing easy. I don't think the other guys are doing any either. There's plenty of time for that stuff. I'd rather see people who, you know, love me."

He drank a lot of milk, but beer was really the stuff. He couldn't get enough beer. The steaks were good but tough, "not like the old ones." He had thought he would go big for ice cream, but somehow it didn't appeal to him.

The States didn't seem to have changed much to McDonald, and he didn't have much trouble "readjusting." "Three days," he said. "That's all you need. Three days to get the nervousness out and get back on your feet."

His relatives seemed a little older and a lot of his friends weren't around, but that was about all. He paid a visit to the machine shop in Brooklyn where he had worked as a mechanic before the war, and was offered 12 post-war jobs within an hour. They were good jobs, but McDonald didn't want any part of them. After the war he wants to work for the city, maybe as a patrolman or something like that. He's 6 feet 4 and looks as if he'd make a good cop.

He was kept pretty busy doing things for men in his outfit. He telephoned a lot of families and told them their sons or husbands or boy friends were still around and doing as well as might be expected. He took a lot of drinks for friends.

"They all told me to take a drink for them," he said. "It didn't matter what kind. They're not particular any more."

McDonald wasn't bothered much by civilians. He got a little PO'd by people wanting to take a gander at his ribbons and regarding him as an authority on modern warfare, and he was bothered some by reporters who wanted to know how he felt about the good old U. S. A. and how many Germans he had knocked off. But, on the whole, he felt that the guys back home were a good bunch and on the ball.

"I think they appreciate what the boys over-

seas are doing," he said. "They try, anyway."

But while McDonald didn't think it was hard to readjust, he did feel that he wasn't the same guy who had left the States. His aunt said he had just grown up, but he said he would have grown up anyway, even without a war. The change in him, he thought, involved something more than age and having been away so long. He couldn't quite put his finger on the change, and he wasn't bothered by it, but he was sure he was different.

He was definite, though, about one change.

"I could see after my first date," he said, "that I'm not as sharp as I used to be."

He attributed this rustiness partly to long abstinence and partly to the influence of foreign females. "It didn't make much difference what you said to *them*. They didn't know what you were talking about, anyway. But here you still got to watch your step, just like old times."

So McDonald watched his step and took it easy, not trying to jam everything into each available minute but doing what he wanted when he wanted to do it. He stayed out late and slept late; he spent a lot of time just lying in bed, listening to the peace and quiet. He knew that when the 30 days were up he would just be getting accustomed to being home, but that didn't worry him too much.

After all, 30 days is 30 days. Most men don't get home even for that long.

Back From the Pacific

By Sgt. RALPH BOYCE
YANK Staff Correspondent

WORCESTER, MASS. — Judging by the magazines and newspapers I've been seeing, people in the States these days are being bombarded with advice on how to treat the returning soldier. They are being told that he will come home changed and that they will have to help him adjust himself to a "new" life.

As an illustration of how *not* to treat the returned serviceman, one magazine printed a yarn about a Marine sergeant who went into a soda fountain his first day back to gorge himself on ice cream. The girl behind the counter was reported to have cracked that he must be happy to be back where he "could do something useful."

Maybe things like that are happening in the States, but they didn't happen to me. During a 30-day Stateside furlough after three years in the Pacific I have encountered nothing but the best of treatment from civilians and from GIs stationed on this side.

Overseas veterans and servicemen in general get preference almost everywhere in the States. Round-trip furlough tickets on trains cost a serviceman less than a one-way ticket costs civilians. Some cities have established reduced rates for servicemen on streetcars (streetcars are trams, in case anybody in Australia has forgotten) and in Chicago all transportation for service personnel is free. In other cities, motormen sometimes place their hand over the fare box when a serviceman comes aboard.

The cigarette shortage—and it's a real shortage—has civilians smoking little-known brands like Rameses and Fleetwoods. Often they can't get even those. But after turning down civilians, clerks sometimes manage to find a stray pack for a guy in uniform.

Once in a while this "anything-for-the-serviceman" attitude can be embarrassing. At Boston's North Station, where a large crowd was sweating out taxis, I saw a dozen middle-aged women take over a lone GI and shove him into the first taxi to turn up. The aggressively sympathetic ladies intimidated other civilians with cries of "This soldier's got to get back to camp" and "The Army and Navy first!" It was all well meant, but the GI looked miserable.

For the most part, though, a soldier back from overseas isn't treated in the unnerving "conquering hero" manner. He just gets treated well.

Many civilians are still unfamiliar with campaign ribbons, but nearly everybody seems to be catching on fast. Taxi drivers, barbers and bartenders all know what overseas bars mean. Many times the ribbons and bars serve as a conversational wedge. The conversation usually starts with something like "See you've been over quite a while, soldier. Bet you've seen your share of it." And it almost always ends up with "Got a boy out there myself. Been in it a long time, too. Sure like to see him get home for a while."

After a time you come to the conclusion that nearly everybody must have a brother or a son or a husband overseas. And those brothers, sons and husbands form one of the biggest topics of conversation in the States.

One evening in a cocktail lounge in Paxton, Mass., I listened in on five different conversations. Every one of them was about somebody "out there." Finally I asked if anybody ever talked of anything else.

"Very seldom," was the answer.

Mail call on the home front seems almost as important as in any outfit overseas. In millions of homes the postman's ring is just about the biggest moment of the day. When the mailman leaves nothing, the expressions on faces and the things that are said seem very familiar: "Pretty busy these days, I guess," and "Mail is probably slowed up. I'll bet there'll be a letter tomorrow."

When a letter does come, it gets read by the family, friends, the other people at the office or the plant, the neighbors down the street. "Got a letter today" is the signal for friendly enthusiasm and many questions. Does it say or hint where he is? Where was it postmarked? Is he feeling all right? Is there heavy fighting in his area? The questions go on and on. And everybody has a try at reading between the lines. Somehow it makes the returnee wish he'd written a little more frequently.

Reports of the chicken returning GIs have to take at the hands of the "USO Commandos" back here turned out—in my experience, anyway—to be a bit exaggerated. One thing to remember, in case those reports have had you worried, is that the number of men now in the States who haven't seen foreign service is dwindling. At the debarkation point where we landed, two out of every three permanent-party men were wearing campaign ribbons. They knew what the score was.

Everybody in my furlough group remarked on the efficient way the place operated. Instead of herding us about like a bunch of recruits, they took us for exactly what we were—some tired guys who only wanted to clear this last barrier and get the hell home.

There are still some five-letter men left around, of course. I ran into one when I reached the reception station where I was to get my furlough papers. I opened the wrong door into this man's office and sent a blast of wind across his desk. A pimply faced corporal, he was in charge of the first part of the processing. After growling at me about the door, he announced that it was too late in the day for him to bother with my papers and that I could damn well stay in camp overnight.

I could have blown my top at the kid, but I didn't and I didn't leave the place with a bad taste in my mouth, either. As soon as the kid wasn't looking, another clerk picked up the papers and started them on their way with a wink and a grin at me. The delay made me the last man to go through the processing line, and most of the clerks had put away their stamps and papers for the night. Without a complaint they dragged them out again and went to work.

The aggressively sympathetic ladies intimidated other civilians, crying, "The Army and Navy first!"

"Want to borrow any money?" one asked. I told him I wouldn't bother about that because I didn't want to hold him up any longer. "That's what we're here for," he said, and a Wac stenographer took off her coat and sat down at her desk again to make out my voucher.

One unpleasant incident sticks in my mind, but it had a happy ending. My wife and I were visiting a neighbor's home, and toward 11 P.M. somebody said, "Turn on the radio. It's almost time for the news."

"Oh, no," the hostess said. "I hate to listen to the war news. It's so depressing."

Nothing more was said at the time, but later several members of the party told me how embarrassed they'd felt.

Despite the eagerness of friends and family to hear all about what the serviceman has done overseas, they seldom pump him for information. They take the attitude that, if the man who has come home has seen combat, there's a lot he may prefer not to talk about and that if he does want to talk he'll start when he gets damn good and ready.

"That's what we're here for," he said, and a Wac stenographer sat down again to make out the voucher.

Overseas I got a confused picture of the food situation back home. Sometimes I'd think that the home front must be starving. Sometimes I got the impression there was a lot of bitching about nothing at all. Actually there are shortages of darn near everything at home, but with rationing and price controls virtually no necessities are unavailable or out of reach of pocketbooks.

Crises, like the fuel shortage this winter, are met as they arise. In this fourth year of war people have settled down to accept inconveniences and minor discomforts as part of their daily lives. And it's a rare home-fronter who can do much griping in the face of those long casualty lists now appearing in the papers—lists which by now have struck at least fairly close to every home.

Like GIs overseas, folks back home have found new values in the war and a new appreciation of the little things they used to take for granted. Home life has taken on a deeper meaning.

One evening, because my kid brother insisted, my wife and I went to a high-school basketball game with him in Leominster, Mass. The scene could have been duplicated in any high-school gym in the country. The kids cheered and laughed and stamped their feet. The cheer leaders jumped up and down importantly, and on the floor below the fellows shook hands before they started in and then played as though the whole world depended on the game.

Through the noise my wife shouted in my ear: "Well, is it worth it?"

"Is it worth what?" I asked.

"Is it worth fighting for?"

I had never thought of it quite that way.

Alexis Smith

YANK

Pin-up Girl

The Poets Cornered

TROOPSHIP

There is numbness,
Not of dark waters
Nor of icicles flung across the night,
Each star a predestination
For each pack-bent figure.

It is a numbness born of the heart,
Growing quiet and sad
In spite of a band at the dock
Wisely playing "Deep in the Heart of Texas"
And not the false nostalgia
Of "Auld Lang Syne,"
In spite of spry Red Cross workers
Who try to warm you with a smile
And a hot cup of coffee.

You want to pause, contemplate,
But you are a soldier
And automatically march
Into the ship's womb,
Pregnant with promise.
The shoreline fades,
Even as the body weariness
When your pack slumps off,
For weariness fades into delirium,
And delirium, they say,
Is a disease of the night.
You, too, become diseased.

It is a merciful disease
Which pierces the fetid warmth
Of close-packed bodies.
It cuts a broad highway
To the land of yesterday,
The land of lilac air,
Of soft bluegrass and home.

Now the night
Is lulled to sleep
By each mournful wave,
Each swishing wave
An echo of the heart,
Each wave a cry of sadness
Between two worlds.

China —Cpl. CHARLES L. LEONG

A WAC COMES BACK

When she completes a soldier's life
And comes back home to be his wife,
Will all her Army training
Perfect her in those gentle arts
So well designed to soothe men's hearts,
Their self-esteem sustaining?

Will she arise when he comes in—
Down with abdomen, up with chin—
Stand till he says "At ease?"
Will she awake before the sun,
Will every household task be done
The way that he decrees?

Will he have dinner placed on trays,
In neat compartments, all his days?
And will she serve him well?
Will she no wish of his deny,
But "Yes, sir," be her prompt reply?
Ah, Mister, who can tell?

Washington, D. C. —Sgt. MARGARET JANE TAGGS

THE facts re Alexis Smith: She was born June 8, 1921, in Penticton, British Columbia. She is 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighs 126 pounds. Her bust is 35½ inches. Her hair is blond, her eyes blue. Aside from her ability as an actress, Alexis is an expert dancer, both tap and ballet. Her new picture for Warner Bros. is "The Horn Blows at Midnight."

TOMORROW

When the brass begins to tarnish and the gold
begins to fade,
When the gabardines are wrinkled and there's
dust upon the braid,
When the rosters have been posted and you've
had your final say,
Will you speak to me tomorrow as you spoke to
me today?

When we meet upon the corner in our customary
clothes,
Will your attitude be lofty? Will you still look
down your nose?
Will you curse me as you did when in my weary
steps I faltered?
Or will you speak more kindly be the circum-
stances altered?

When you've made your final error and we've
taken all the blame,
When we've reached civilian status, will your
manner be the same?
Just what will be your thoughts when we have
gone our different way?
Will you think of me tomorrow as you think of
me today?

Will you still be just as quick when asked to
demonstrate your knowledge,
Or will I do your problems when we both get
back to college?
If I meet you on a dance floor or when strolling
on the lawn,
Could affairs be vice versa? Will I be the one
to scorn?

Perhaps we'll meet tomorrow with a slightly
changed relation;
I'm sure that it will be a most amusing situation.
I'm quite convinced that it will be a most un-
pleasant day
If I think of you tomorrow as I think of you
today.

Newfoundland —Pvt. LAURIAT LANE Jr.

GREAT SOUTH BAY

The red-brown marsh grass glints beneath the
sun,
A signal and a warning that the autumn has
begun.
A straggling line of thistles is marching down
the field
Wearing sturdy, stubborn courage as a buckler
and a shield.
A white gull is penciled against the turquoise
skies,
And on the surface of the bay a saffron sunset
lies.
The restless, surging water mocks the stillness
of the land,
And taunting waves roll in to break in laughter
on the sand.
A cloud of wings goes swiftly by—a lonely crane
in flight.
In the wind's voice is a warning of the coming
of the night.

New Guinea —Sgt. KATHLEEN NEALIS

SANCTUARY

My mind is a quiet place in the forest,
A clearing where many men come and go,
And you remain there.
Music I hear with you is more than sound,
Poems we read are more than words.
I dare not even breathe the air.

Often we talk, and you are the cool hand on the
brow
That untangles the nervous tendrils of despair.
What part of my soul I am free to give
Has been in your care.
What hope there is in my muse, my spirit,
We share.

My mind is a quiet place in the forest.
I meet you there.

Marianas —T-4 STAN FLINK

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN

I am whatever you are:
Your friend and brother,
Your drinking companion.

If you are Italian and proud,
Then I am proud to be Italian,
And when you ask me I will tell you that.

A Scandinavian might see,
In my brown hands and sailing ways,
A fellow countryman. I am that.

Because I have a dark and swarthy look,
A Greek will say, "You are Greek!"
A brother has eagerly recognized me,
And I am glad to be a Greek.

Some may guess me Hebrew, Slavic, Spanish.
Shall I deny my Spanish, Slavic, Hebrew de-
scent?
I am all of these to my valiant comrades.

A savage wrack-brain of my company
Insinuates against the Negroes' equal manhood
I quietly explain his error—
Or spit in his eye.
Negroes are not ashamed
Naming me one of their own. I am proud.

I am whatever you are,
You no less than I.

Parris Island, S. C. —Pfc. LEWIS ARTHUR, USMC

GHOST HOTEL

There, like a monstrous apparition, she remains,
A great, gray, lifeless thing against the skies.
Splendid Regina, she no longer reigns.
Shattered and sightless are her thousand eyes.
Her upper chambers, where the shells tore
through,
Smell yet of scorching, like the bloody pyres
They were. Their ruins wear a ghastly hue
Made by the fading light as the sun retires.
Around her lacerated casements moan
The winter winds and sweep her drapes aside,
Chilling her once snug passageways, now lone,
Forbidding haunts, where memories reside.
Charming and gay she was; and when all men
Break through chaotic night, she'll live again.

France —T-4 HERBERT J. RISLEY

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My Aching Background

IT is exactly 18 months since I kissed my draft board on both cheeks, skipped over to Grand Central Palace and, raising my arm to a tall lieutenant, promised to love and honor the Army and obey everyone in it.

I have come a long way since then, as witness the fact that I am now a full private, but my progress can best be estimated by the manner in which I have benefited by the Army's lavish educational opportunities. These I have learned:

How to make my bed and lie in it (two sheets and two blankets and a six-inch collar, or one sheet and one mattress cover, or a mattress cover with no sheets, or a shelter-half bedding-down which consists of an old field jacket and a dirty wool shirt).

How to pass a Saturday-morning inspection. (Buy a new tie, fumigate my area, borrow the cook's cartridge belt and then wind up on KP and not have to stand the inspection after all).

About KP: *1)* How to prepare a tasty cocktail of water, soap and disinfectant that is just warm enough to blast an inch of syrup off dishes but not so warm that it scalds the nails off my fingers, just the outer layer of skin; *2)* that some things in the Army are not nearly as comic as they appear from the outside. KP is only one of these things. Others are guard, guardhouse, tough sergeants, bucking for a section 8, chaplains and USO hostesses.

These skills and semiskills: mowing lawns, making fires, sewing buttons, cutting my own hair, washing walls, firing the retreat gun, soaking socks, loading trucks, cutting stencils and waving Maggie's drawers (always with malicious enthusiasm).

To walk my post in a somewhat military manner, keeping frequently on the alert and observing quite a bit within sight and hearing.

Two more of the general orders.

That if one has younger brothers in the Army they must outrank one. I haven't been able to find this regulation in any of the books; it must be one of those universal ground rules.

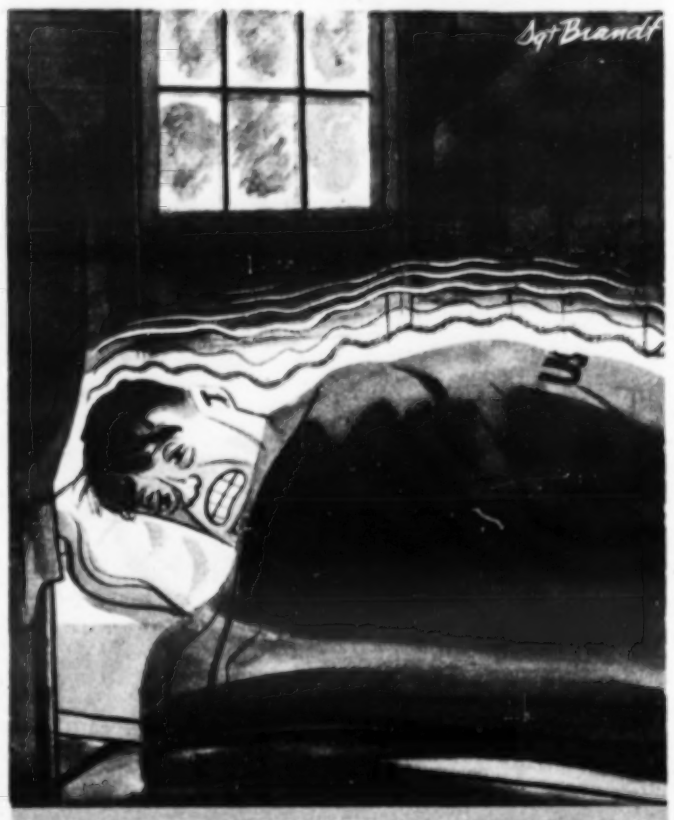
How to GI a joke (indispensable in writing a soldier show). This consists of taking a standard joke and militarizing a few characters and references. Example: She—"Can't you be good for five minutes?" He—"Hell, sister, I'll be good for 20 years yet." Same joke, GI'd: Private's Sister—"Can't you be good for three minutes?" Tech Sergeant—"Hell, sister, I'll be good for 30 years yet."

A few common Army words and phrases used by the average soldier. Among these are snafu, goof off, sweat it out, snow job, bat the breeze. These are good and useful expressions, but the sum of my experience in this regard is that this is a fairly slangless Army. I have yet to hear a soldier refer to another soldier as either "GI Joe" or "dogface."

Probably my chief gain is an increased respect for the other fellow and the importance (or chevron value) of his job as compared to mine. I say this in utmost and sincerest humility, and in this growth in tolerance may lie the key to this inventory. Surely this is the heart of the matter: Has my Army training raised my total post-war citizen value?

The final answer is not yet ready of course, but one result is already apparent. I have become much more lovable; even MPs and company clerks get nice words from me. This could be merely a slowing-up due to middle age. If this is the case, by the time I get out I may be downright cuddlesome—and senile.

Fort Wadsworth, N. Y. —Pfc. MARTIN WELDON



An Extra Blanket For Pvt. Fletcher

PVT. FLETCHER, his face turned down against the icy blasts of winter, trudged down the snow-banked company street to the supply room. He shook the snow from his shoes and overcoat, quietly entered and quickly closed the supply-room door behind him.

S/Sgt. Owens, a juicy cud of Beechnut chewing tobacco reposing in his right jaw, and with his oversized feet propped up beside the stove, looked up as the frigid air swirled into his sanctum sanctorum. "What the hella you want, soldier?" he snorted, annoyed at being disturbed in the middle of a good nap.

Pvt. Fletcher, awed by staff sergeants, particularly when they were supply sergeants, nervously cleared his throat. "I'd like an extra blanket, sergeant," he said timidly. "I guess I'm sorta thin-blooded. Last night I couldn't sleep, I was so cold."

"That's just TS!" said S/Sgt. Owens. "Is this an Army camp or a Campfire Girl's outing, I'd like ta know! Ya got two blankets awready, like everybody else, ain'tcha?"

"Yes, sergeant, I have," Pvt. Fletcher answered, "but I still get cold."

S/Sgt. Owens took careful aim and spat a stream of Beechnut at a bucket which served as combination cuspidor and trash can. It was a near miss. Doubly annoyed by his lack of marksmanship and the intruding private, he sneered: "Sorry we ain't got none of them General Electric electrically heated blankets. They'd be swell to issue to guys like you." He winked with an evil leer. "Or perhaps, better still, we oughta issue nice warm blondes! Whaddya gonna do when ya have to sleep in a foxhole with a blizzard ragin' all aroun' ya?"

"I'll do the best I can," retorted Pvt. Fletcher, displaying a bit of unexpected spunk. After all, one could take so much, even from a staff sergeant, and a supply sergeant at that.

"Tell ya what," said Owens, a little less belligerently after the private's surprising display of temper. "Go on over to the orderly room and go on sick call. Gotta have a written request from the medical officer before I can issue ya an extra blanket."

After sick call, Pvt. Fletcher returned to the supply room with a typed note which read, in part: "It is recommended that Pvt. Joseph Z. Fletcher, ASN 18719812, be issued an additional blanket because etc. etc. Signed: Frank C. Black, Capt., MC." S/Sgt. Owens glanced at the note and then threw the private a blanket. "Sign this memorandum receipt, Thin-Blood," he barked. "Sure too bad we're outa nice warm blondes!"

That night S/Sgt. Owens snow-plodded from the post theater to his barracks. He braced his body against the icy gales. Arriving at his barracks, he quickly shed his clothes down to his long underwear and then he slipped on a heavy sweatshirt. Sitting on the edge of his bunk, he put on a pair of heavy gym socks. Then he slid into his bunk as he muttered: "Kee-rist, it's cold!" Snuggling under four blankets, the supply sergeant drifted off to sleep.

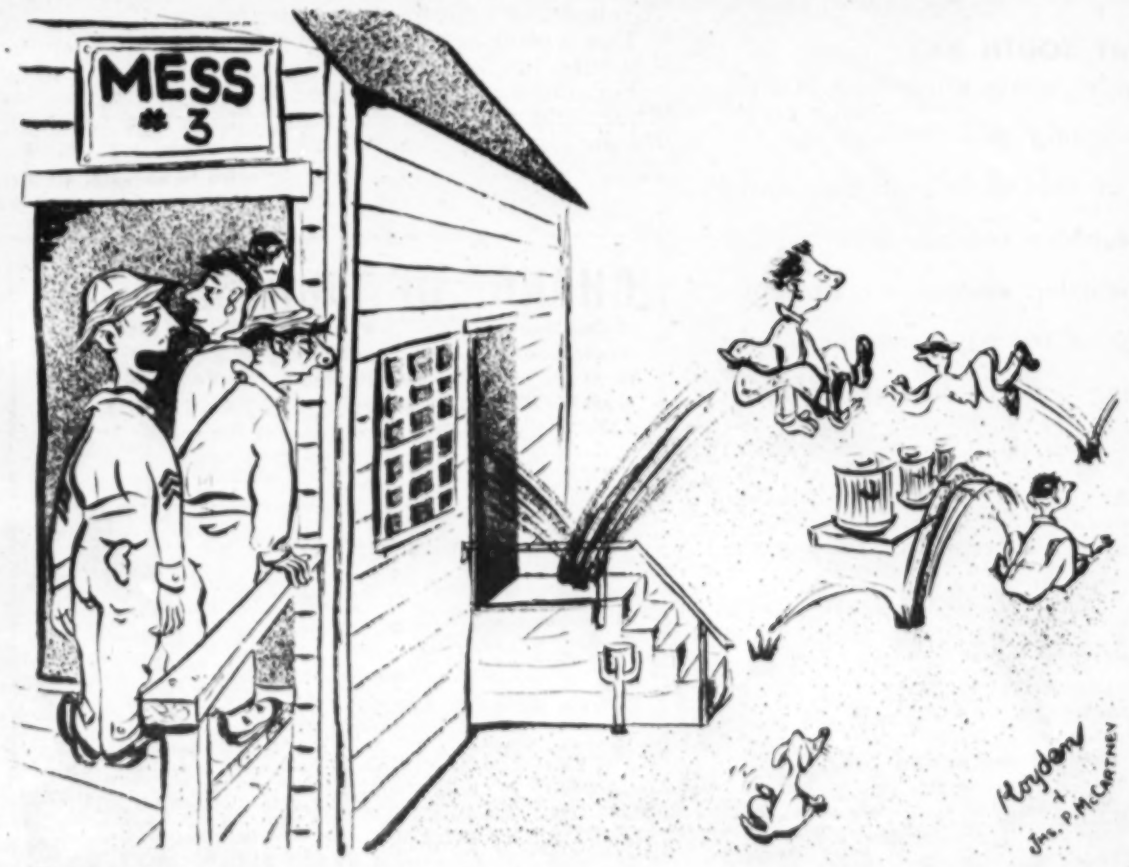
Inglewood AAF, Calif. —Sgt. SHELBY FRIEDMAN

SCHMALTZ

Like lucid cinematographic scene,
The memory of you when we first met
Comes back to me: the way your hair was set,
Your careless walk, your eyes of Malori green,
And, child, though you were only seventeen,
I have not yet been able to forget
Your slitted skirt and blouse in décollete,
Exciting as an acrobat routine.

By now your ego should be strato-high,
But just because of all the things I've said
Don't get too light a heart or big a head;
Remember that the only reason I
Have not forgotten you in any way
Is that I merely met you yesterday.

Fort Benning, Ga. —Sgt. LEONARD SUMMERS

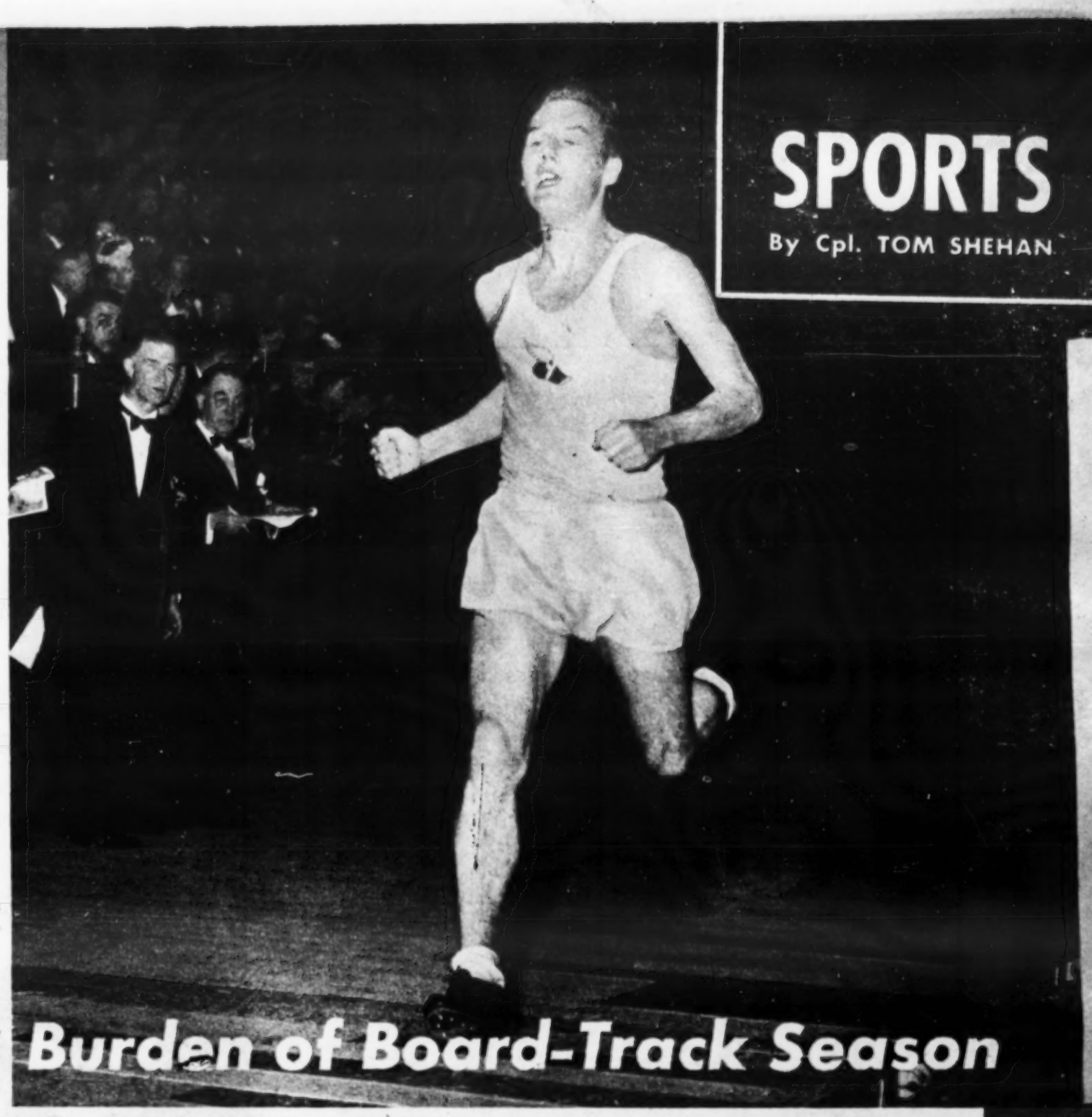


"Lamb stew again?"
—Cpl. Frank R. Robinson, Fort Monmouth, N. J.

"And I wish you'd stay away from my boy friend!"
—Pfc. Anthony Delatri, Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.

SPORTS

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN



Vets Carry Burden of Board-Track Season

Lacking brilliance of America's milers of the past, Jim Rafferty, 29-year-old New York bank teller, was undefeated in first three starts of indoor season against mediocre milers after Dodds' retirement.

GIL Dodds' retirement and Gunder Haag's off-again-on-again tardy arrival from Sweden have deadened the public's interest in indoor track this season. As in baseball, boxing and pro football, veterans who in normal times would have long ago stopped running for anything except streetcars are doing their best to keep the sport alive, but it isn't exactly in radiant health.

Some of the names on this winter's track programs, like Elmore Harris and Cpl. Milton Padway, mystify the fan who has been on an overseas assignment for a couple of years, but there are still familiar ones like Lt. Charley Beetham, Jim Rafferty, Forrest Efaw, Sgt. Howard Borck, Eulace Peacock, Dave Albritton, Cpl. Barney Ewell, F/O Don Kinzle, Ens. Tommy Quinn, Ed Dugger and Don Burnham. They, with Harris and Padway, have been the main attractions at the indoor meets.

Blue-ribbon event of indoor track, of course, is the mile. America's hope against Haag, if the Swede decides to run at that distance, is a medium-sized 29-year-old New York bank teller named Jim Rafferty who has eight years of major competition for Fordham and the New York Athletic Club under his belt. Rafferty's best effort was a 4:10.3 mile behind Leslie MacMitchell of NYU, but he was never headline material until Parson Dodds swapped his spikes for ministerial robes.

Since then the New Yorker has had everything his own way in winning the Metropolitan AAU, Millrose AA, and Boston AA miles in 4:15.7, 4:13.1 and 4:13.3, respectively. Keeping up the best tradition of the Glenn Cunningham-Bill Bonthron-Gene Venzke era — that successful milers must have some serious leg ailment in their youth—Rafferty did not blossom as a distance runner until after he got out of college and broke his leg.

Elmore Harris, a young Negro who runs in the colors of Johnny Borican's old outfit, the Shore AC of Elberon, N. J., is being touted by track coaches as a future great. Harris competes in the 600 indoors. He was the sensation of the 1944 outdoor season, when he emerged from obscurity by winning both the 400-meter and the low-hurdles titles at the NCAA and the AAU Championships. Before that he had done most of his running as a halfback on the Morgan State (W. Va.) College football team.

Although Harris trailed the veteran Jim Herbert in both the Millrose and Boston 600-yard events, Coach Emil von Elling of NYU, who is tutoring him, thinks he will break middle-distance records. Von Elling blames his defeats in the Millrose and Boston events to inexperience indoors. He points out that Harris fell down at the first turn in the Millrose Games, got a break when the race was recalled, but then allowed himself to get boxed. At Boston, he tired himself by successive spurts to keep the lead early in the race and was unable to stand off Herbert's final kick.

Two of the best GIs competing this season are Cpls. Barney Ewell and Milt Padway. Ewell won the dash at the Millrose meet but was nipped by Herb Thompson BM1c of the Coast Guard at Boston in 5.3—time which tied the meet record. Ewell, a former Penn State star, is stationed at Camp Kilmer, N. J., where he works in the supply room. Thompson is a communications man in a disaster unit.

Padway, who holds BA and LLD degrees from the University of Wisconsin, is attached to the New York Engineers office in the contract termination department. Able to train only one day a week at Columbia, he easily won the pole vault at both the Millrose and Boston meets.

F/O Don Kinzle of the RCAF, former Southern Conference champion while at Duke, is another competitor who has added some spice to this indoor-track season. Kinzle lost a photo finish to Ed Dugger in the 60-yard high hurdles at the Millrose AA affair but reversed the verdict at Boston at 45 yards. Dugger, the only man ever to beat Fred Walker of Rice at the NCAA Championships, is an aeronautical engineer at a Dayton plane factory. He was a one-man track team at Tufts College a few years ago.

Probably the oldest veteran still in action is Dave Albritton, 31-year-old Negro high jumper from Dayton, Ohio. He is the only member of the 1936 Berlin Olympic team still drawing expense money. But he isn't jumping high enough to get a tie for second place, even with the kind of opposition he is facing nowadays.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

Maj. Fran G. Welch, peacetime football coach at Emporia (Kans.) State Teachers College, is conducting the second expedition of civilian coaches overseas to hold coaching schools for Army athletic officers. The party is expected to spend 60 days in the Mediterranean area. **Cecil Isbell,** Purdue coach and former Green Bay star, will teach football; **Howard Hobson,** former Oregon University coach, will handle basketball instruction; **William J. (Billy) Cavanaugh,** West Point boxing coach, will explain the art of self-defense, and **H. William (Bald Bill) Hargiss,** formerly of Kansas University, will handle track and field subjects. Others in the group are **Seward Charles Staley,** director of physical education at the University of Illinois; **Dean Nesmith,** Kansas University trainer, and **George White,** eastern intercollegiate official. . . . Also going on tour is **Comdr. Jack Dempsey** of the Coast Guard, scheduled for a three-to-five-month visit to Pacific bases. . . . **Erwin Rudolph,** five-time world billiards champion, was embarrassed during an exhibition at Fort Benning, Ga., when he dropped two of three matches to **Cpl. Don Willis.**

Wounded: **Lt. Jack Knott,** former St. Louis Browns pitcher, in Belgium; **Sgt. Emmett J. Mueller,** ex-Phillies infielder, in Germany. . . . *Rejected:* **Morton Cooper,** St. Louis Cardinals pitcher. . . . *Reclassified:* **Pat Seerey,** Cleveland Indians outfielder, previously rejected, to 1-A. *Retired:* **Col. Larry MacPhail,** former general manager of the Dodgers and Reds, who heads the syndicate which purchased the Yankees; **Lt. R. E. (Bill) Henderson,** acting head coach of football and head coach of basketball at Baylor, to inactive duty. . . . *Inducted:* **Ray Mueller,** 32-year-old catcher of the Cincinnati Reds, at the New Cumberland (Pa.) Reception Station; **Jake Wade,** Yankees pitcher, at Bainbridge, Md., and **Barry Whitehead,** first racing secretary at El Hipodromo de las Americas in Mexico City and official at California tracks in San Francisco. . . . *Transferred:* **Maj. Ernie Nevers,** former Stanford All-American and ex-coach of Lafayette and the Chicago Cardinals, from Treasure Island, San Francisco, to the San Diego Marine Corps base as athletic officer.

BEDAUBED BOOT. Stan Musial, star outfielder of the Cardinals, gets his serial number for boot training at the Bainbridge (Md.) Naval Station.

"I THOUGHT I HEARD A RATTLE SOMEWHERE."
—Cpl. Joe Cunningham

"WHAT HAVE WE GOT TODAY—CEMENT OR LAUNDRY?"
—Sgt. Ozzie St. George

"I REALIZE YOU'VE BEEN A TENDERFOOT EIGHT MONTHS, HADDIGAN, BUT YOU KNOW THE T/O AS WELL AS I DO." —Cpl. Dale Thompson

YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

"DOING ANYTHING TONIGHT, BABE?"
Pfc. Anthony Delatri

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